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THE
Sailors' Magazine,



AND
SEAMEN'S FRIEND.

AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY,

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TUTTLE, NY.

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THE SAILORS' MAGAZINE AND SEAMEN'S FRIEND.

THE SAILORS' MAGAZINE AND SEAMEN'S FRIEND, a monthly pamphlet of thirty-two pages, will contain the proceedings of the American Seamen's Friend Society, and its Branches and Auxiliaries, with notices of the labors of local independent Societies, in behalf of Seamen. It will aim to present a general view of the history, nature, progress and wants of the SEAMEN'S CAUSE, commanding it earnestly to the sympathies, the prayers and the benefactions of all Christian people.

It is designed also to furnish interesting reading matter for Seamen, especially such as will tend to their spiritual edification. Important notices to Mariners, memoranda of disasters, deaths, &c., will be given. It will contain correspondence and articles from our Foreign Chaplains, and of Chaplains and friends of the cause at home. No field at this time presents more ample material for an interesting periodical. To single subscribers \$1 a year, invariably in advance. It will be furnished Life Directors and Life Members gratuitously, *upon an annual request for the same.*

THE SEAMEN'S FRIEND

Is also issued as an eight page monthly tract adapted to Seamen, and gratuitously distributed among them. It is furnished Auxiliary Societies for this use, at the rate of one dollar per hundred.

THE LIFE BOAT.

This little sheet, published monthly, will contain brief anecdotes, incidents, and facts relating to Sea Libraries.

Any Sabbath-School that will send us \$20, for a loan library, shall have fifty copies gratis, monthly, for one year, with the postage prepaid by the Society

In making remittances for subscriptions, always procure a draft on New York, or a Post Office Money Order, if possible. Where neither of these can be procured, send the money but always in a REGISTERED letter. The registration fee has been reduced to fifteen cents, and the present registration system has been found by the postal authorities to be virtually an absolute protection against losses by mail. All Postmasters are obliged to register letters whenever requested to do so.

THE
SAILORS MAGAZINE
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Vol. 47.

MAY, 1875.

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ANNIVERSARY.

The FORTY-SEVENTH ANNUAL MEETING of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, will be held in the CHAPEL OF THE SAILORS HOME, 190 CHERRY STREET, Monday, May 10th, 1875, at 3 o'clock p. m., when the Report of the Board will be presented, and Trustee elected to fill existing vacancies.

The ANNUAL SERMON will be preached this year, by the Rev. JOHN HALL, D.D., time and place to be announced hereafter.

For the Sailors' Magazine.

A GOOD BOOK ALWAYS A VALUABLE GIFT.

BY REV. S. C. DAMON, D. D.

No feature of my labors among seamen and strangers recalls so many pleasant reminiscences as the distribution of Bibles and other good books. Many scores are the instances wherein seamen and others have returned, after months and years of absence, and acknowledged the gift of a Bible or some good book. Only a few days ago—on a bright Sabbath morning—a

sailor attached to one of the U. S. vessels-of-war, lying in port, called early at my house to thank me for a Bible which I had given him nearly eighteen years ago, and which he still retained in his possession. During this long period *this sacred volume* had been his companion in all parts of the world, even through all that long four years of civil war, while he

faithfully served on board the Federal Union blockading vessels and in fierce encounters with the enemy.

Another incident recently occurred, to remind me of the value of good books as gifts. As I was sitting in my study reading Krummacher's "David, the King of Israel," I had occasion to consult "Horne on the Psalms," and on the fly leaf I noticed the name of the donor:

"HENRY P. HAVEN,

"NEW LONDON, JANUARY 30, 1846."

It may be that I never duly acknowledged the gift, but if I have not done so, I hope, as Mr. H. reads this paragraph, he will rest assured that the gift was highly prized, and has been often referred to in the study of the Psalms of David. While reading and consulting these books, the thought crossed my mind, "I do wish I could see the Rev. Dr. Taylor's King of Israel." Imagine my agreeable surprise, on that very day, going to the Honolulu Post-office, on the arrival of the U. S. mail, and finding in my box this very book—"King David of Israel," presented by T. C. Doremus, Esq., of New York city, accompanied by a most cordial letter, containing this paragraph:

"I have been reading with great profit 'David, King of Israel,' by Rev. Dr. Wm. M. Taylor, of the 'Tabernacle Church' of this city. I take great pleasure in sending you a copy by mail to-day. I trust it will edify you and your family!"

Surely, among all new publications issuing from the public press, a more choice and valuable selection could not have been made. I shall prize it highly, and let it stand in my library beside "Horne on the Psalms." With these two books on "the Sweet Psalmist of Israel," I have the English edition of Mr. Barnes "on the Psalms," presented to me, with a few other books, by Alexander Balfour, Esq., a prominent merchant of Liverpool, England, just as I was sailing from that port, in March, 1870.

While I prize these books from their intrinsic value, and sterling worth, as rich in thought and expression, I also prize them from their associations with the donors. I am more and more impressed with the immense usefulness of good books when properly distributed. This leads me to make the remark that, among all classes in the community to whom good books are given, I claim that ministers of the gospel prize such favors equally, if not more than any other. No gifts which I have ever received do I more prize than good books, when in *the line of my profession*, as all these books are to which I have referred. I feel very confident that parishioners cannot, at a small expense, confer greater favors upon their pastors than by giving them some good books which will assist them in the preparation of their sermons and lectures. In this way the parishioner will receive in return, a hundred-fold, the value of his donation. The pastor takes

the gift, and, reading the same, gives it back to his hearers in coming years in sermons and lectures! Suppose some benevolent person in each parish of the United States should give his pastor Dr. Taylor's "King of Israel," or some other volume equally *suggestive*, would not good be the result; or suppose some rich man should send abroad a thousand copies of this book among the "country parsons," would not the effect prove most valuable?" I really cannot imagine how more good can be done with a comparatively small outlay of capital, than by investing the same in good books, and properly distributing the same. I speak in behalf of my brethren in the Christian ministry of all denominations, that I think we prize such gifts! They are great helps to us! I know the books I have mentioned, are aiding me in my preparations for the pulpit, and I know not as I should have owned them, unless presented in the way which I have mentioned. Dr. Taylor, in his preface remarks: "In attempting to do this I have availed myself of all the light which I could obtain from any quarter." As he has availed himself of the labors of former commentators and expounders of this portion of God's words, I doubt not many of God's ministering servants will be aided by his labors.

From it we make the following extract in relation to the circulation of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons in their printed form:

"Many singular things have happened in connection with their publication, but the most of them have escaped my memory: the following, however, I may mention. One brother, whose name I must not mention, purchased and gave away no less than 250,000 copies. He had volumes bound in the best style, and presented to every crowned head in Europe. He gave copies containing twelve sermons to all the students of the universities, and to all the members of the two Houses of Parliament, and he even commenced the work of distributing volumes to the principal householders in the towns of Ireland. May the good results of his laborious seed-sowing be seen many days hence. The self-denial with which this brother saved the expense from a very limited income, and worked personally in the distribution, was beyond all praise; but praise was evaded, and observation dreaded by him; the work was done without his left hand knowing what his right hand did. In the first days of our publishing, a city merchant advertised them in all sorts of papers, offering to supply them from his own office. He thus sold large quantities to persons who might otherwise never have heard of them. He was not a Baptist, but held the views of the Society of Friends. It was very long before I knew who he was, and I trust he will pardon me, for here mentioning a deed for which I shall ever feel grateful to him. By my permission the sermons were printed as advertisements in several of the Australian papers, one gentleman spending week by week a sum which we scarcely dare to mention

Honolulu, 16th March, 1875.

P.S.—We find an article in the London *Baptist* upon "Twenty Years of Published Sermons."

lest it should not be believed. By this means they were read far away in the bush, and never were results more manifest, for numbers of letters were received in answer

to the inquiry as to whether the advertisements should be continued, all bearing testimony to the good accomplished by their being inserted in the newspapers."

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For the Sailor's Magazine.

THE LAST SHIP.

How many of us live in the past, rather than in the present! This is emphatically the case with the aged. Old men often imagine the times to be "out of joint," and the current of affairs to be setting the wrong way, because it appears to be contrary to the condition of things, as they remember it to have been in their youth. Not that things are really worse now than they were then, but because they see them with other eyes, and in "the light of other days" and view them from an entirely different standpoint. Yet this habit of retrospection is not confined to our seniors alone. The young and the middle-aged, also indulge, at times, in unwise and unreasonable contrasts between the present and the past, and usually at the expense of the present. This arises, primarily, doubtless, from the inherent depravity of our own unsanctified nature, which early learns to be dissatisfied with the dispensations of Divine Providence; and secondly, from a morbid desire to find fault with the existing state of things.

"Man never *is*, but always *to be* blest."

With some this spirit predominates, more than with others. The difference arising either from natural disposition, or from the nature of our calling, education or surroundings.

It is charged upon Sailors, for example, that they "love to growl," "Will growl," "Ship to growl."

This is sometimes affirmed with a cynical sneer; or with a self-satisfied air, which indicates a disposition to cover up—under this charge, the faults of others, and to excuse abuses which were better remedied than allowed. "Sailors will growl"—say they—even if you feed them on "roast turkey" and give them "soft tack" every day. That there is some foundation for the charge seems to be established by the undeniable fact that it is imbedded—like the fly in the amber—in the current proverbial language of the ship. For example—"Growl you may, but go you must"—or this, "Growl and go is a good dog." That these proverbs have been washed ashore, is evident—from the fact that if one, who has ever been to sea, is detected in fault-finding, the exclamation is, "Oh, he went to sea just long enough to learn how to growl." Without admitting that seamen are more addicted to this practice than others, or that they ever grumble without cause; truth compels the assertion that they "will growl." Not so much from an inherent love of fault-finding, perhaps, or from any vicious propensity, as from a confirmed, and thoughtless habit. One of the formulas in which this habit will be recognized, is in the unstinted praise which the sailor always bestows upon what ever pertains to "the last ship." And this too, even when a true comparison if instituted, would give the advantage

to the "old tub" of the present, rather than to the "gay clipper" of the past. If a rigid economy be observed in the care of the ship chandler's stores, Jack growls—"I never see'd such a mean craft as this is, in all my born days. The last ship I was in, if a feller wanted a piece of ratline stuff for a chest-lashing, or enough of paint oil to give his oil-skin jacket a coat, he could always get it." If the ship does not make good headway through the water—she is "an old Balahoo," as compared with "the last ship," out of which "you could always get eleven or twelve knots a bowline," and "nothing could hold a candle to her, a running large." If he is called up in his watch below to take in sail, or if she has "all hands in the afternoon," she is sure to be contrasted unfavorably with "the last ship," in which he always had "watch and watch." In short, the "grub" was always better, the usage more "man fashion," and the forecastle accommodations more comfortable in "the last ship," which would "steer better, work easier and make better weather of it, than this craft ever began to do." My Sailor readers will recognize this as a true picture, but I do not believe that even their prejudices will consider it over drawn. Inasmuch then as the fact is admitted and as there is underlying it an element of discontent, which is but another name for unhappiness—it may not be improper to call attention to it, with a view to its correction. Sailors are proverbially good listeners, and generally appreciate good advice, even though unwilling to be governed by it. I would say therefore, to them: Shipmates, look on the bright side; consider your present advantages and privileges; cultivate a patient spirit; mourn not over the past which cannot re-

turn; be satisfied with present things, and look cheerfully into the future, which beckons us forward with hopeful strides. The word of God forbids the folly that looks upon good as a thing of the past, and clings with unreasonable prejudice to "the last ship." "*Say not then*" is the language of Inspiration—"What is the cause that the former days were better than these?" (put "ships" for "days," and the reproof will stand.) "*For thou dost not inquire wisely concerning this.*" (Eccles vii: 10.) It is folly or unwise, to find fault with the present, because the present as well as the past is under the providential arrangement of a wisdom which never errs. Whatever is therefore as far as the divine disposition of things is concerned, is best. To assume otherwise, is to impugn both the wisdom and the goodness of God, and, at the same time, give evidence of the dominion of our unsanctified nature which thinks anything, but what we have, to be the best.

We may consider the past better than the present, but the decision may owe more to our imagination, than to the actual fact. Perhaps if we could lift the veil which conceals from us the divine purpose, we should better understand the value of the present, as it relates both to the past and the future. We might find that the present, even though darkened by affliction, or characterized by oppression, or burdened with disease, is, after all, better for our interests, than anything in the past. "*Let patience have her perfect work.*" A soldier had received a letter from his loving sister, just as he was about to enter the bloody battle of Fair Oaks. It was unread, for the call to arms was in haste. As he afterward lay on the ground, a bleeding captive, he opened the let-

ter and read, as quoted from De Byrom:

"With patient mind, the course of duty run.
God nothing does, or suffers to be done,
But thou wouldest do thyself, couldst thou but
see

The end of all events as well as he."

It was enough for his faith. He was happy and he afterwards realized that it was true.

Looking back over a section of country through which we have passed, many of its inequalities and irregularities disappear. So the inconveniences and discomforts of "the last ship," may be lost sight of by the fact of our distance from them. Again the folly of dwelling upon and living in the past, implies a dissatisfaction with the present, which is itself promotive of personal discomfort. The Lord Jesus affirms that our happiness "consists not in the abundance of the things which we possess." What we have not may after all conduce less to our comfort than what we have.

What we have of God's devising
Helps us on our weary way,
That we have not, God, who gives not,
Wisely holds for future day.
If the present God's love gilds not,
But still shades with sombre hue,
Be assured, that what he wills not,
Never can be best for you.

No greater calamity could possibly befall us than to have all our desires gratified, to have everything as we could wish. Hence the command "*Be content with such things as ye have: for he hath said, I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.*" (Heb. xiii: 5.) "*Having food and raiment, let us be therewith content. Godliness with contentment is great gain. For we brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out.*" (1 Tim. vi: 6-8.)

That great interpreter of the human heart, Shakespeare, has said

"'Tis better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be perked up in a glistening grief,
And wear a golden sorrow."
"The noblest mind the best contentment has."

God's word rebukes "that dis-

satisfied spirit which puts aside our present blessings, exaggerates our evils, and reflects upon the government of God, as full of inequalities, and upon his providence, in having cast us in such evil times." And, wherefore? because it is unwise to fly in the face of Providence, not only by finding fault with what we have, but also by our invidious comparison of the present with the past. "God is greater than man. Why dost thou strive against him? For he giveth not account of any of his matters." (Job xxxiii: 13.)

Set once more, this mode of looking at things, by our sea-faring friends can by no means lighten any burden, or lift any sorrow from the heart, for

"There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will."

But, if we could change clouds into sunshine would it be for our real good? Does not our true happiness lie in the line of a cheerful acceptance of the inevitable? We can gain nothing by lingering in the shadows of the past, which are ever cold and cheerless. The Jews claimed in the days of Jeremiah, that when they "burned incense to the queen of heaven," they had "plenty of victuals, and were well, and saw no evil." Ah! that "last ship"! What infidels it makes of us all!

Our lot may not be—nay, perhaps never will be, all that we could wish. We may suffer inconveniences, opposition, affliction—Yet let us accept them with Christian submission, and turn not so lovingly to "the last ship."

"Let the dead past bury its dead!
Act, act in the living Present!
Heart within, and God o'erhead!"

Sit not weeping over ruins, but arise and build! Look forward instead of backward, heavenward instead of earthward! Be hopeful rather than despairing!

The sailor has none too many comforts at the best. When everything runs easy—when the billows of life heave so gently as to lull him to quietness and repose, and his mind is undisturbed either by official harshness or by personal care, he has yet no superfluity of cheer. Let him see to it, then, that he adds nothing to the number of his dark days, and that he mars not

the symmetrical arrangements and wise orderings of Divine Providence, by tenaciously clinging to by-gones, and moaning and groaning over the loss of the imaginary advantages of “the last ship.”

“Day by day,” the promise reads—
Present strength for present needs;
Cast corroding care away,
Take the manna of to-day.”

C. J. J.

FIRE AT SEA.

HOW THE NILE WAS SAVED FROM BURNING.

A correspondent of the London *Times* under date of Dec. 31st., 1874, says: The Royal Mail Steam Packet Company's steamship the *Nile*, Captain Revett, left Southampton on the afternoon of the 17th of December, having on board 88 passengers and a crew, 119 hands all told. After experiencing unusually fine weather for such a time of the year, the *Nile* on the evening of the 23d of December was some 360 miles to the south-westward of the Azores in about latitude 33 deg. north and longitude 30 deg. west. She passed by the islands on the afternoon of the 22d. About 7:45 o'clock, while the majority of the passengers were at tea in the saloon, the alarm was given that the ship was on fire. It was found that the cargo stowed in the after hold immediately abaft the engine room had become ignited, and that the fire had spread aft for some distance. This compartment of the hold had been inspected shortly before six o'clock, by the mate of the hold, who did not then perceive anything amiss. The fire was probably caused by the spontaneous combustion of a quantity of cotton waste which had been stowed there. All hands were at once turned up, and, without the

least confusion or panic, every man took his post. During the first few days of the voyage the crew had been well exercised at fire drill and boat drill by Captain Revett, and this training now bore good fruit. All the pumps were at once set going, and five hoses poured down a deluge of water on the burning cargo. There is probably no emergency which more severely tests the courage and capacity of the commander and the discipline and pluck of the officers and crew than fire in a ship at sea with a large number on board and far from land. Captain Revett and his officers met the strain on them well. So thorough was the discipline and so quietly were the arrangements carried out that the fire had been burning and the pumps playing on it for some time before a large section of the passengers were aware that anything was wrong. For some time not the least impression was made on the fire, although the donkey engine, the engine pump and the fore and aft Dowden pumps played on it without ceasing. Dense volumes of most suffocating smoke continued to pour up. By 8.30 o'clock the fire had made such way that orders were given to clear away the boats and get everything ready

for lowering them. This work was carried out by a gang of men under the third officer, assisted by the seamen of the *Bellerophon*. A supply of water and provisions was placed in each boat, and a large number of cork swimming-jackets distributed through them. The fire still continuing to make way, the magazine was opened and all the powder in it removed, under the superintendence of Commander Fane, and sent forward, where it was placed under the charge of Mr. Thomas Reynolds, a boatswain in the Royal Navy, who was one of the passengers by the *Nile*. As the fire was now in dangerous proximity to the spirit-room, a gang of volunteers was organized under the direction of Capt. Wells, and the ten hogsheads of rum it contained were hoisted on deck ready to be thrown overboard. This was a feat of some difficulty, as, the main hatchway not being free, the casks had to be passed up by the lower deck and thence through the saloon. The fire still held its own and at 9:30 although an enormous quantity of water had been pumped into the hold and the carpenter reported six feet of water there, a great quantity of the most suffocating smoke continued to surge up. Great anxiety was now felt as to the result, especially by those who knew that stored immediately next to the burning waste were a large number of casks of machine oil and a quantity of coal in tarred bags. If the oil took fire, the bursting flames would at once have driven back those who were below battling with the fire. Redoubled exertions were now made. Volunteers for the pumps were called for from among the passengers to relieve the crew, and three gangs were organized who set to work with a will at the after Dowden pump. Midshipman Lionel Wells of the *Bellerophon*, a naval officer

who has not yet quite reached the age of sixteen years, constituted himself with universal assent, the director of operations there. With a mixture of good-humored badinage and encouragement he kept his men to their work. Although but few of the amateur pumpers working under his directions were so fortunate as to merit the approval of his ripe and critical judgment, there were still fewer of them who saw the youngster's coolness and courage and were not impressed with the thought that young Wells had in him the stuff of which good sailors are made. It is difficult to overpraise the coolness, courage and discipline of the officers and crew of the *Nile*. From the beginning of the fire Capt. Revett and his chief officer, Mr. Hamshire, were working below in the very thickest of the smoke. On the orlop deck the atmosphere was so dense with smoke and so offensive that it was hardly possible to breath there. Twice was Captain Revett brought on deck almost unconscious. As soon as fresh air and cold water had restored him, he insisted on again descending to the post of danger. Below, Mr. Hamshire, Orr, the mate of the hold, and Dybbel, an able seaman, with ropes tied around them, crept on all fours along the top of the cargo, underneath the orlop deck, to direct the hose well on the seat of the fire. Had the oil burst into flame they would have been far beyond all human help, and they knew well the risk they ran. More than once were Orr and Dybbel hauled back by the ropes attached to them, scarcely alive from the quantity of smoke they had swallowed. Throughout the whole of the trying hours of the fire the completest order prevailed; and were it the custom of the Royal Mail Company to have a fire once a week on board of their vessels,

the officers and men could not have shown themselves more *au fait* at their work, or more cool and collected. Up to half-past 10 o'clock the fire still held its own. As the ship was getting down very much by the stern, owing to the tons of water that had been poured into her, orders were given to screw down all the cabin ports on the lower deck. At length, when ten feet of water were measured in the hold, the fire showed signs of abating. At 11 o'clock the fire was beaten, but not until the water was awash over the tunnel. By a quarter past 11 o'clock all danger was over.

The quantity of cargo on board the *Nile* destroyed or rendered useless was very large, and the Company's loss will be severe. The unanimous opinion of all the naval men on board the *Nile* is that her safety was due to her being divided into so many water-tight compartments, of which there are no less than seven in the ship. Although any more serious catastrophe than the destruction of a large quantity of valuable cargo was avoided in the present instance, it must not be forgotten that over two hundred lives were gravely imperilled by the negligent stowing of the hold.

THE LAST WINTER AT SEA.

UNITED STATES LIFE SAVING SERVICE.

Sailors who have succeeded in passing safely through the winter of 1874-5 are not likely ever to forget it. While we, who at least have had houses to shelter us, were, day after day, complaining of the severity of the weather, they were completely at its mercy. Driven by favorable winds to within a day's run of their destinations, they have frequently been struck by hurricanes from off shore, and carried out to sea, the rigging of their ships a perfect mass of ice, to be mercilessly tossed about for weeks without adequate provisions. A very fair idea of the suffering incidental to this sort of ill luck may be derived from the experience of the schooner *Henry Means*, of Portland, Me. Bound from Portland to Charleston, S. C., with a cargo of hay, the gallant little vessel was so beset by storms, and so heavily borne down by ice, that she struggled in vain to reach her destination. After five weeks had been spent in the effort, her crew would ultimately have been frozen to death but for the life-saving system of the

United States Government. Another case, of a more distressing nature, was that of the barque *Rebecca Goddard*, of Boston. On her return voyage from the west coast of Africa, she had reached a point within twenty miles of Boston, on the 1st of February. Toward the afternoon of that day, it began to blow a heavy gale from off the land, and in spite of all that could be done, she was carried out to sea, struggling under a crushing weight of ice. The clothing of the crew had become threadbare from long use. For twenty-one days the vessel labored heavily, and the men suffered untold torture. One poor fellow was frozen to death at the wheel. On the twenty-second day she came into New York harbor.

The horrible sufferings of the crew of the ill-fated Italian bark *Giovanni* would have been left to conjecture but for the almost miraculous escape of the steward. Driven to his wit's end to find shelter from the winds off Cape Cod, the unfortunate captain at last determined to beach his vessel.

When she was fast, he endeavored to reach the shore on a plank, and was drowned. Five of his men sought temporary safety in the rigging, where they were soon frozen to death. The sufferings of the brave fellows who, year after year, risk their lives to keep up the supply of fish in the markets of the country, this season have passed all power of description. It would be impossible to convey anything like an adequate idea of the nature and extent of the physical torture they have endured in the long and almost hopeless battle with the ice. They have often been for weeks locked in its embrace, without either food or water, and driven to make fuel of every morsel of wood that could with safety be detached from their vessels. Soon we shall know the exact number of those who perished thus miserably. Had it not been for the perseverance of the United States revenue cutter *Gallatin*, the list of the lost would have been very much longer.

Among the valuable sailing ships saved by the good judgment of their captains was the *James Foster, Jr.*, of the Black Ball Line. After fighting with a succession of heavy gales during an entire month, she at last got clear, and taking the most extreme southerly course, arrived in this city on the eightieth day of the voyage. But for the fact that the ships of this line are well provisioned, the story of the *James Foster, Jr.*, might have been one of the most shocking of the year. As it was, when she arrived in port only two days' rations remained. The most recent case of hardship and death, as the result of the severe weather, has been reported from Baltimore. It concerns an unlucky crew of Newfoundland wreckers who, after having boarded an ice-bound ship, were cut off

from assistance by the parting of the ice-field, near the shore. The first night seven of the number perished. The survivors returned to the ship and drifted about for nine days upon a diet of salt and molasses. They could not have existed many days longer without having had recourse to cannibalism.

Something should be said of the work of the life-saving stations along the coast line. The crews of these stations have not slept on beds of roses for several months past. The United States Treasury Department, seeing the need for having the system brought to the very highest state of perfection, has caused rigid inquiries to be instituted into all charges of negligence, and we are glad to say, in the interest of humanity, that the result, with one single exception, has in each case been exceedingly satisfactory. The charges arising out of the loss of the *Giovanni* were shown by the elaborate report of Capt. Merryman, to have no foundation in fact. He declares that the conduct of the accused men was worthy of all praise. The single exception referred to was in the case of the crew of Station No. 21, on the Long Island Coast, near Fire Island light. They have just been dismissed from the service for having taken advantage of the keeper's permission to neglect patrol duty on the night of the 25th of February, because the wind was blowing off the land. The Secretary of the Treasury gives the sufficient reason for his action in regard to them, "that the men failed to show a proper sense of the humane purpose of their employment." If this spirit be maintained, the life-saving service of the United States will soon be equal to any in the world.—*N. Y. Times.*

THE BESSEMER STEAMER.

* Lord Henry Lennox writes to the *London Times*, March 4: "The interest felt by the public in the Channel steamer *Bessemer* is so great that you will probably be willing to receive an account of her first sea passage, which she has just completed. I therefore send you the impressions formed upon my mind by what I saw as a passenger on board of her, from Hull to Gravesend.

For reasons connected with the future service of the ship between Dover and Calais it was decided that, although a few of the minor works upon her were yet incomplete, she should leave the Humber, yesterday, for the Thames, and having from the commencement taken great interest in her, I availed myself of the opportunity which was kindly afforded me of joining her at Hull yesterday afternoon. On doing so I found that owing to the rain and snow which had lately prevailed in Hull, the vessel was scarcely as complete as I should have expected to find her on the eve of such a passage, especially as it was well known that a strong wind was blowing and a considerable sea had been for several days running outside the river. Nevertheless, the ship left the dock between 3 and 4 o'clock, was swung for the adjustment of her compasses immediately afterward, and at 5 o'clock we started down the Humber, having on board much more coal than will form the usual supply of the vessel when on her daily service, but nevertheless not sufficient to justify its rapid expenditure upon the production of full speed in the engines, especially as there were certain experiments to be made upon the passage, and a very rough sea had to be encountered. It was past 7 o'clock in the evening when

we passed the Spurn Light at the mouth of the Humber, and found ourselves in the presence of a strong wind from east-northeast, a heavy cross-sea, and with every prospect of a 'wild' night. I may say at once that whatever other qualities the *Bessemer* may possess, she certainly proved herself then and throughout the night most remarkable for the almost total absence of pitching, and for the ease and moderation of her rolling. No doubt, as regards the pitching, something is due to her great length—some 350 feet—but this I cannot suppose is sufficient alone to account for the extraordinary steadiness which the *Bessemer* exhibits in this respect. It was a striking sight to witness the behavior of the low ends of the ship in the heavy seas which we encountered, both bow and stern very frequently disappearing entirely for a moment beneath the waves that rolled over them. Nor was the rolling of the ship much less remarkable than her pitching, for it in no case amounted to what would be called heavy or violent rolling, notwithstanding the state of the sea. It was obvious to any one accustomed to the rolling of ships that some powerful cause was at work tending to diminish both the frequency and the violence of the vessel's oscillations, and I presume that cause is to be found in the unusually deep bilge keels with which she has been provided, and which particularly struck my attention on the morning before the launch last autumn. But whatever the cause may be, the *Bessemer* seems to me to possess extraordinary steadiness in a seaway, and to be free in a remarkable degree from everything like extreme pitching or rolling.

"The limited supply of coal on

board, as I have already stated, prevented her from being driven at a high speed during the night; and this was not desirable, because some of the work at the low freeboard ends connected with the capstans was incomplete, and the engines required to be further worked before the tendency to hot bearings which they had previously exhibited could be subdued. It may be interesting to state, however, that when the end of the journey was approaching, off Harwich, and it was found that coal sufficient for a somewhat increased speed remained, the fires were pressed, and the ship easily passed the land for several hours in succession at between fourteen and sixteen knots an hour.

Your readers will be desirous of learning what experience we had with the suspended *Bessemer* saloon, and with the hydraulic machinery for working it. Part of this machinery was still in some minor respects incomplete; but in the course of this morning the lashings of this large and heavy structure were cast off, and it was taken charge of by the *Bessemer* apparatus, which worked it for the space of an hour or two, with a heavy beam sea still running. It was very satisfactory to find that this apparatus appeared to have full command over the saloon, and was capable of oscillating it easily in either direction at the will of the manipulator. The manipulation was effected by a man holding a short lever in each hand, and moving them as nearly as he could in accordance with the oscillations of the ship, and it can scarcely be doubted by those who saw the operation that with a little practice the desired object will be fully accomplished. It was the opinion of Mr. Reed, however, and of Mr. Bessemer's representative, who was likewise on board, that these levers

were not arranged in the best manner possible for the purpose, and that a slight modification in them may be made with advantage, with the view, not of increasing the power of the apparatus (which seems to be quite ample), but with the object of enabling the manipulator to work the governing valves of the machinery in more immediate accordance with the movements of the ship. I must say, however, that although the handling of the machinery was from this cause somewhat imperfect, it was evident that this was more due to the inexperience of the man who had to work the levers for the first time in the ship, at sea, than to any defect of the machinery itself. It was the opinion of the officers present that had the rolling of the ship been heavier, the comparative steadiness of the saloon would have been more easily secured. As regards the *Bessemer* saloon, therefore, it appeared to me that the success, if not quite all that could be desired, was more than could have been fairly expected at the very first sea trial made of it. Certainly a seat in the handsome saloon worked by this machinery was even to-day almost entirely free from the objectionable features of a Channel passage in one of a smaller vessel. The saloon itself is very strongly and handsomely built, and its furniture and decorations in carved oak are in good taste.

Security of Ocean Steam Travel.

The American Social Science Convention calls attention to a matter of national importance, namely, the security of the lives of passengers on steamships between the United States and Europe.

The great peril of this mode of travel, which has augmented with the increased number of steamers

that form the various lines, and the fearful accidents that have resulted from collisions between outward and inward bound vessels, have led to an examination of their causes; with a view to the ascertainment of some method for lessening the dangers of ocean travel, and averting further deplorable catastrophes.

It has been ascertained that much of the peril and many of the accidents have resulted from the fact that there has been no concert of action between the various lines as to the routes pursued; and it is believed that a remedy will be found in the plan of assigning fixed limits to the routes of steamships, both coming and going. Various routes have been suggested by experienced navigators; and it was hoped that a voluntary agreement upon one or the other of these would be effected, laying down for each line what has been suggestively termed

an "ocean lane," to the limits of which its vessels should be confined in their trips—thereby reducing the danger of collision to exceptional passing vessels. Unfortunately, however, the obstinacy of some lines, and the cupidity of others, combined with the intense rivalry that exists, has prevented any voluntary arrangement, and the object now is to secure some positive legislative action which will meet the necessity.

The Social Science Convention deem it of very small importance which of the proposed tracks is adopted, so long as some well-defined course for each line is prescribed. It is therefore proposed that a commissioner shall proceed to Europe, and procure the concurrent action of all the steam lines; and also to urge upon the European Governments the necessity for and the enforcement by legislation of such action.

THE AMERICAN OBSERVATIONS OF THE TRANSIT OF VENUS.

We are now in possession of accurate information from all the American parties for the observation of the transit of Venus. At Pekin Professor Watson and Professor Young observed through a cloudy sky, the first and second contacts, and made forty-four photographs during the first part of the transit. Operations were then interrupted by clouds until about an hour before the end, when the photographic work was resumed, and fifty more pictures taken. The third and fourth contacts were also observed, and measures of cusps taken with the double-image micrometer.

The first contact was sixty-eight seconds later and the second con-

tact was seventy-five seconds later than the computed times, while the third and fourth contacts were forty-three and sixty-five seconds earlier than the predictions. This indicates for the solar diameter a smaller value than the one used in the predictions, and agrees nearly with that deduced by Leverrier from previous transits.

It was pointed out by Mr. Hill, of the American Nautical Almanac office, in his memoir on the transit, that the English predictions would be "considerably in error," on account of the adoption of an apparent diameter for the sun which was deduced from meridian observations only, and we may note that nearly all the English observers

have reported an error in the neighborhood of two minutes in their predicted times of first contact. It seems to be finally settled, if indeed there was any doubt about it previously, that different apparent diameters must be used for the sun in reducing meridian observations, and for such observations as eclipses and transits of the inferior planets. This is quite analogous to the fact that the moon's diameter from occultations is considerably smaller than that derived from meridian observations. Professor Watson also notes certain evidences of an atmosphere surrounding Venus, and from his observations at third contact obtains an approximate value for its depth.

The American party at Kerguelen Land, under Lieutenant-Commanders Ryan and Train, has been only partially successful. Neither of the internal contacts was observed, but some photographs were taken. The English party on the same island observed the ingress and egress, the latter observation being satisfactory. All the English photographs were poor. The day was generally cloudy, but enough have been secured to compensate the observers for their devotion, as this station is peculiarly valuable. From the party at Chat-ham Island, under Assistant Edwin Smith, of the Coast Survey, we learn that nothing valuable in the way of observations of the transit could be obtained, on account of clouds. It must be remembered, however, that each of the parties has made important geographical, magnetic, and other determinations and that no one of our expeditions will return without completing its work of this kind, which work has a value quite independent of its bearing on the main question of the sun's parallax.

On the whole, the success has

been marked; and although only one party (Professor Watson's) observed *all* the contacts, and although only one (Professor Peters') obtained a very complete set of photographs, yet the *ensemble* of the observations of the Americans alone would suffice for an extremely accurate determination of the parallax.

The experience gained in these expeditions will be turned to good account in 1878 and in 1882, in which years transits of Mercury and Venus occur, both being visible in America. The reports of all the parties indicate satisfaction with the apparatus provided for them; and in the matter of photographic arrangements the American outfits were particularly good, both theoretically and practically, and this perfection reflects great credit on the gentlemen who had these preparations in charge. The highest testimonial has been offered by the Transit of Venus Commission, to Dr. Henry Draper, as an acknowledgment of his great (and gratuitous) services in perfecting the practical details of the photographic processes—a charge for which he was peculiarly fitted by his long experience in such researches.

Detailed accounts of the physical phenomena of the transit will not be available for some time; but we note the remarkable observation of Janssen in Japan and De la Grye at Campbell Island, which declared Venus to have been seen projected against the sun's corona while yet some distance from the sun's disk. Preliminary reports indicate that Professor Watson's account of the atmosphere of Venus will be corroborated by several good observers. It may likewise be noted that the question as to the existence of a satellite to Venus is now finally settled in the negative.—*Harper's Magazine for May.*

THE WRECK OF THE FOLDEN.

RESCUE OF SIXTEEN MEN.

BY MISS LOUSA LEE SCHUYLER.

The first four days after leaving New York it was like river sailing, smoother than any summer passage I have ever made. The stars one night were reflected singly in the sea. But from Monday until Friday we had an almost continuous gale. I had never been in a real storm at sea before, and this certainly was a magnificent sight (as seen from the port-holes, for we could not go on deck). Those great waves breaking one over the other, lashing themselves into a fury of foam, splendid in their greens and blues, tossing us about like some small plaything, now rising on either side like hills, now falling into valleys. One can never forget the grandeur, the majesty of such a sight. The third and fourth days the gale was at its height, we had changed our course to ease the ship and were running before it—two more days of this would have brought us into Lisbon, the Captain said. Seven men at the wheel, two men lashed to the bridge, seas breaking over the deck every few minutes—you probably know all about it in your own ocean experience. And you know, too, the confidence one soon feels in one's vessel. I shall always remember the *Algeria* with gratitude. It was marvellous, the way she resisted those terrible blows when repeatedly struck by heavy seas, and the gallant manner in which she ploughed her way on without stopping—only that once.

It was Thursday afternoon, just after luncheon. I had left the saloon, tired of holding on, worn out with the incessant day-and-night rolling which drove all sleep away, not knowing what to do or where to go. As I went down the

passage-way I heard a voice say: “A vessel in distress!” “Where? What?” Then came the contradictory rumors passed down from the deck: “A small life-boat with men in it!”—“A steamer on fire!” “A mast-head in the distance floating a signal of distress!” This last was the truth, and we steamed towards the wreck. I dashed into our state room to tell G. not to be frightened if the engine stoped, then out again to see all that could be seen. First a shattered mast with large flag upside down fastened to the end of the yard; little signal flags below. Then, as we got nearer, men could be seen clinging in the rigging. Then the great hulk appeared helplessly tossing about, the waves breaking over it—everything gone but the one shattered spar, the flags, the eight men. A terrible moment of indecision. Could we save them, or must we leave them? It might be destruction to our own steamer to go too near, it seemed madness to send out a small boat in such a sea. Captain Lott hesitated and then ran up the signal “Shall we take you off?” No answer. How could they answer, poor fellows, clinging to that broken spar, the waves dashing over them? Surely no answer was needed, with their signals set at “water in the hold,” and with the despairing look of the rolling hulk; they knew and we knew that to leave them was leaving them to certain death.

The life-boat was ordered to be got ready while we steamed round to the windward side of the ill-fated brig. The Captain called for volunteers. “No one is ordered to go,” he said; “only those men who really wish to.” At once the second

and third officers, the boatswain, and double the number of men needed sprang into the boat. From these a selection was made of Third Officer William H. Hartford, the boatswain and six of the sailors. Life preservers were bound around them; other life-preservers and ropes stowed away for the shipwrecked sailors; and then, choosing a comparatively quiet moment, the little white boat, with the eight men in her, was lowered into the sea. I shall never forget the pale, resolute look in the faces of the rescuing crew. But few words were spoken; there was no cheer. It was the silence of terrible earnestness, only broken by the whistling of the wind through the rigging and the swash of the water across the deck. One man was heard to say, "It's an awful sea to put a boat in," and the answer, "Yes; but then it's to save life." At the last moment the commanding officer, took a friend aside to whisper a few words—messages doubtless to those at home, and then the little eggshell struck the water and was whirled away. Just then the sun burst out from beneath a dark cloud, a canary bird in the saloon began to sing, a little child danced about wild with delight over some porpoises she had seen. Meanwhile our little boat was visible now and then on the top of a wave, but was soon lost to sight, carried on by wind and wave towards thereck, our men so many black specks, the oars so many straws.

Again our steamer—most beautifully managed throughout—was under way. We made a wide semi-circle round the Norwegian vessel to leeward of it, and there, with very little steam on, waited for the reappearance of our brave little boat; and it actually did come back—sixteen men in it now. Was it possible that it was all over at last, that

here they were, with rudder gone and oar broken to be sure, but so near home, so safe, both the rescued and the rescuers! Was the suspense and anxiety over at last? Alas! for the hope born of inexperience and ignorance. Why, we could see them, could speak to them, and yet this in reality was their most dangerous hour, to which the other perils were as nothing. It seemed as though we should never get them on board. We were so very big, they were so very little, we rolled so unmercifully—how could we help crushing them? They came up on one side and were almost dashed to pieces; then they fell astern and were nearly caught under our quarter; a rope was floated to them by a life-preserved, but the one and-a-half inches snapped as though it were cord; and then the heavens were darkened and the squall burst upon us. The Captain signalled to them to keep away. We were in the trough of the sea, our third deck rolling under water—a near approach was certain destruction. As the dark cloud swept down upon us the waves seemed lashed into greater fury than ever. We were carried before it and momentarily lost sight of the life-boat. One terrible sea struck us, and we asked ourselves with beating hearts, "Had it struck them?" At last we were able to back down, and to our relief found the little boat still alive. Again they got so near that we could look into the men's faces, again a rope was got to them, and again it parted. The sun was going down. The day-light was to be counted by minutes. "I have seen men rush to the mouth of a battery," said a fellow passenger by my side, "but never anything like this—that suspense was soon over, but this is endless." It was an eternity. But the cruel hour was over at last. Taking advantage of a mo-

mentary lull and the leeward side of the ship, they got near enough to have ropes thrown to them. These they clung to and were pulled on board, one poor fellow being somewhat crushed between the boat and the steamer—but all were saved. Even one of the two dogs was lassoed and hauled up in safety, while the Norwegian Captain had his two pigeons tied about his neck. The little boat which had done such gallant service had to be abandoned. It was sad to think of her drifting off into the darkness of night.

The long three hours were over—they were safe at last! And then—we had so lost our own personality, it was so merged in the hopes and fears of those sixteen other lives, it came as a surprise to find the tears coursing down our cheeks, to regain our own identity as individual men and women, and to realize what the nervous strain had been, now that it was over. As I went to my room I took one last look at the sea. We were well under way again. The waters were black and angry. The heavens were overcast and sullen, but a brilliant streak of orange sun-set-light glowed along the horizon, with the masts of the deserted vessel standing out against it, its signal of distress still fluttering as we first saw it.

There is an afterpiece to every tragedy. Your annual meeting in New York was over; you had gone to your homes, when the few cabin-passengers of the *Algeria* held their meeting also. There was not much formality, no speeches, no report, few words. The £100 was soon subscribed to be distributed among our own brave men and those they had saved, with a proper testimonial, of a watch, and inscription for the officer.

The ceremonious presentation, with an appropriate speech, took

place the following evening. But all this seems scarcely worth recording. We had been eye-witnesses of one of the most heroic acts to be met with in all history. The Captain, and others of like experience, who knew, said again and again that it was a marvellous instance of self-sacrifice and courage; that they had never known a volunteer crew to go to the rescue under such desperate circumstances. Such things increase one's faith in human nature. To have lived, to see them is one of the blessings for which one] may be most deeply grateful.

The wrecked vessel was the Norwegian brig *Folden*, bound to Queenstown from Callao, laden with sugar. Everything had been carried away the night before we found her. She was leaking; the pumps were clogged with sugar; she could not live many hours. The entire crew were saved. One of them said "it seemed like a second life when they saw the little boat coming to them. They hoped we would not leave them, and yet they couldn't believe a boat would be launched in such a gale."

We were too happy and thoughtful during the rest of the voyage to care about the continuance of the storm, which lasted, with but a few hours intermission, until we landed at Liverpool on the afternoon of the 1st of March.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*



Transmission of Sound through Fog.

On December 9th a memorable fog settled down on London. I addressed a telegram to the Trinity House suggesting some gun-observations. With characteristic promptness came the reply that they would be made in the afternoon at Blackwall. I went to Greenwich in the hope of hearing

the guns across the river; but the delay of the train by the fog rendered my arrival too late. Over the river the fog was very dense, and through it came various sounds with great distinctness. The signal-bell of an unseen barge rang clearly out at intervals, and I could plainly hear the hammering at Cubitt's Town, half a mile away, on the opposite side of the river. No deadening of the sound by the fog was apparent.

Through this fog and various local noises, Captain Atkins and Mr. Edwards heard the report of a 12-pounder cannonade, with a 1-lb. charge distinctly better than the 18-pounder with a 3-lb. charge, an optically clear atmosphere, and all noise absent, on July 3d.

Anxious to turn to the best account a phenomenon for which we had waited so long, I tried to grapple with the problem by experiments on a small scale. On the 10th I stationed my assistant with a whistle and organ-pipe on the walk below the southwest end of the bridge dividing Hyde Park from Kensington Gardens. From the eastern end of the Serpentine I heard distinctly both the whistle and the pipe, which produced 380 waves a second. On changing places with my assistant, I heard for a time the distinct blast of the whistle only. The deeper note of the organ-pipe at length reached me, rising sometimes to great distinctness, and sometimes falling to inaudibility. The whistle showed the same intermittence as to period, but in an opposite sense; for when the whistle was faint the pipe was strong, and *vice versa*. To obtain the fundamental note of the pipe it had to be blown gently, and on the whole the whistle proved the most efficient in piercing the fog.—*Prof. Tyndall.*

Voyage of Life.

BY C. P. FIELD.

I'm a sailor on the sea

Floating on the waves of time;
Hoping soon the shore to see
Of a bright and better clime.

I've been sailing forty years

In a barque that's weak and frail;
And I have 'mid doubts and fears
Made my way through every gale.

On this stormy sea of life

I've been tossing to and fro;
On the billows in the strife
Of this world of toil and woe.

And I'm somewhat weary now
With the burden that I bear;
Like the heavy laden bough,
I am bending with the care.

There is none to aid me here,
All have burdens of their own;
I must labor on in fear,
Sail my craft through life alone.

From this world no help I crave,
Human aid will not avail;
There is One I know can save,
With His aid I'll onward sail.

Soon the storms of life will cease,
And the labor will be o'er;
Then my barque may rest in peace
On a bright and shining shore.

DECEMBER 31st, 1874.

The Past Winter.

The veteran meteorological observer of the Newark *Daily Advertiser*, makes the following remarks upon the temperature of the past winter as one of a series of thirty-one winters.

"The winter, now closed, having called forth many comparisons with its predecessors, not always just when they have depended upon fallible memories, it may be of interest to present some of its features in juxtaposition with other years. The following table shows (1) the highest and (2) lowest temperatures recorded; (3) the mean; (4) the number of days in which the mercury did not rise above the

freezing point; (5) the number on which it fell below zero, and (6) the quantity of water from rain and melted snow in every winter since these reports commenced. It must be borne in mind that the ther-

mometers used have always hung in the same, or like position, during the whole period, having a northern exposure, protected from rain, direct currents of air and reflection:

Winter.	Max.	Min.	Mean.	Days below freezing.	Days below zero.	inches water.
1843-4	52.00	3.75	29.85	22	—	10.77
1844-5	61.00	3.50	32.41	19	—	11.45
1845-6	53.25	1.50	28.30	31	—	13.02
1846-7	64.00	0.50	30.92	25	—	14.47
1847-8	62.00	zero	33.26	15	1	9.55
1848-9	68.50	2.75	30.48	31	3	7.85
1849-50	63.00	7.00	34.31	11	—	12.54
1850-1	60.50	7.50	34.77	11	—	11.62
1851-2	59.50	7.50	28.17	27	2	7.05
1852-3	64.00	6.75	35.18	11	—	15.86
1853-4	55.75	3.75	30.95	25	—	4.05
1854-5	52.25	8.00	29.15	24	1	10.13
1855-6	53.50	7.25	26.48	38	5	11.52
1856-7	68.00	12.00	28.37	35	4	8.82
1857-8	57.25	0.25	33.30	17	1	11.68
1858-9	57.00	12.50	31.84	24	2	14.12
1859-60	63.00	4.00	29.48	34	1	10.23
1860-1	62.00	7.50	30.32	19	2	9.77
1861-2	62.25	6.00	30.36	28	—	11.10
1862-3	66.00	4.00	32.67	20	1	10.37
1863-4	56.75	2.00	31.34	22	—	7.13
1864-5	59.00	1.00	28.40	30	—	13.42
1865-6	61.50	12.75	30.44	29	2	11.20
1866-7	56.25	0.50	29.75	38	1	10.16
1867-8	51.25	4.25	24.89	47	3	6.94
1868-9	59.75	8.00	31.36	21	—	12.32
1869-70	57.00	9.75	33.31	16	—	12.43
1870-1	53.25	zero	29.61	33	—	8.26
1871-2	54.50	1.50	29.17	40	1	5.78
1872-3	47.75	12.00	25.59	43	2	13.49
1873-4	68.50	3.25	32.21	18	—	11.31
1874-5	50.50	3.00	25.67	42	3	8.52

"The facts deducible from this table are as follows: Only one winter of the preceding thirty-one (1872-3) had a lower *maximum* temperature than the last, but there were eleven that had lower *minima*. The *mean* of the thirty-one was 30.34, that of the last only 25.67 being below all but two of the series, 24.89 in 1867-8 and 25.59 in 1872-3. Two winters (1867-8

and 1872-3) had more days in which the mercury did not rise above the freezing point, but only in one (1855-6) were there more days in which it fell below zero. The average quantity of water falling during the thirty-one Winters was 10.66 inches, being 2.14 inches in excess of the quantity during the Winter now closed."

"I am Going to Have an Auction."

Once when Rowland Hill was preaching, Lady Ann Erskine happened to be driving by, and seeing a crowd, asked the coachman what the people were gathered together for. He replied, "They are going to hear Rowland Hill;" so she also drew near, having heard much about him.

When Rowland Hill saw her, he said, "Come, I am going to have an auction; I am going to sell Lady Ann Erskine; who will buy her?"

Up comes the world, what will you give for her? "I will give her all the pomps and vanities of this present life, with great riches and many admires, and she shall go through this world with many joys.

"You shall not have her, her soul is immortal, and what shall it profit her, if she gain the WHOLE world and lose her own soul?" Up comes the devil; well! "What will you give for her?"

"I will let her enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season; she shall indulge in everything she takes a delight in, and have every sin that can afford her any transient pleasure."

Ah! Satan, you shall not have her; your price is small, and you would then have her soul for ever in hell! But here comes another, I know Him, it is the Lord Jesus; "What will you give for her?"

Says Christ: "It is not what I WILL give, it is what I HAVE given. I have given my life, my blood for her; I have bought her with a price, and I will give her heaven for ever and ever; I will give her grace in her heart now, and glory throughout eternity." "O Lord Jesus Christ," said Rowland Hill, "Thou shalt have her! Lady Ann Erskine, do you demur to the bargain?" No answer being given,

he said, "It is done; it is done; you are the Saviour's, I have betrothed you unto him, never break that contract." And she never did; she was brought to the knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus, and gloried Him by a life devoted to His service.

God's Hand Guiding.

BY CAPTAIN ROBERT C. ADAMS.

Many valuable spiritual suggestions come to us through the medium of our practical experience. The analogy and logic of events have a voice for some who are not apt to heed other instructions. Great truths are illustrated by the facts of the daily life of all, but the mariner seems peculiarly to be reminded by his circumstances of the things which relate to the spiritual life. The power, wisdom, and goodness of God are continually forced upon his attention, necessity compels him to test the power of prayer, and manifold deliverances occasion spontaneous utterances of praise. A few incidents at sea, from which instruction was drawn, will illustrate this.

We once arrived off the coast of Java on a voyage from Boston to Batavia, and one evening at sunset were just fifteen miles west of Java Head. Knowing the ship's position so exactly, I felt emboldened to attempt to work into the Straits of Sunda in the night; although a fresh breeze had sprung up ahead, accompanied by frequent heavy rain squalls, and the night was very dark. I remained constantly on deck, excepting for the few moments occasionally required for marking the supposed position on the chart, and planning the course of the vessel. We made several tacks, and I became very impatient at the continued head wind which

prevented me from steering in the direction I desired. Towards daybreak, when I supposed I had got well into the straits, a rain squall passed over and the clouds broke away, revealing land ahead at a short distance. We were hastening towards it at a rate of speed which would have cast us upon its shores in a few minutes more. The vessel was immediately hove to, and daylight revealed that we had been about running into Java Head, an unknown current having swept us back thirty-two miles in twelve hours. Instead of being in the strait we were still at its entrance, having secured no gain from all the night's work; the insidious current had robbed us of the fruits of our toil. I was very grateful for the timely warning given me of the nearness of land, but I was still more thrilled when I discovered by laying out my courses on the chart that if I had been permitted to take the course I desired, we should certainly have been wrecked on the dangerous reef extending from Prince's Island. How near we came to it I cannot say, but that we avoided it was not owing to my own skill, but to the goodness of the Land that guided me in the uttermost parts of the sea; and I had been murmuring all night because the Lord would not allow me to carry the ship to destruction!

How often are the adverse circumstances, the darkness, and the storm, but the gracious restraints of our loving and all-wise Father, who thus hedges up our path and leads us by a way we know not, in order to save us from unknown peril into which we are blindly hastening. Let us trust Him to bide our lot, and perfect that which concerneth us.

We sailed peacefully that day along the beautiful shores of Java, but at night again storm and dark-

ness assailed us just as we were threading a narrow passage where we were in very close quarters among rocks and shoals. Discovering a light in-shore, I took bearings of it, by the compass, to test my progress, as the darkness hid the surrounding dangers from view.

The vessel was going ahead through the water, but the light remained on the same bearing, showing that we gained nothing on it. I supposed that the same strong current we had experienced the previous night was neutralizing our progress, and I was about to anchor in order to avoid the peril of drifting about in the darkness amid so many dangers, when, by inspecting the light, carefully, with the marine glass, I discovered that the light was not upon the land, but on board a vessel sailing with us, and on the other side we soon discovered a rock which we were passing quite swiftly, the current evidently having changed in the opposite direction, and with a favoring wind was now speeding us past the dangers into wider waters.

Had I taken a fixed light for my guidance I should have avoided the anxiety, and have been assured of my safety and well being. Christ is the light of the world, and the one who fixes his eye upon Him can never doubt his safety nor imperil his cause; but let false lights or human guides be followed, and

“He is lost, and roves at random,
Without honor, hope, or peace.”

A few weeks later we passed an enjoyable day sailing by the “Golden Mountain,” on the north coast of Sumatra, and at night we sailed pleasantly in the bright moonlight with all studding-sails set, through a passage ten miles wide, between two islands. No one imagined danger could be near, but at midnight the wind died away and the

current swept us toward the shore. There was no wind to make the vessel steer; a cast of the lead proved there was "no bottom," so we could not anchor, and an inspection of the chart and sailing directions showed that the rocks arose perpendicularly from deep water, giving no holding ground even at their base. No human device could save us from shipwreck, and unless a breeze sprang up off shore our vessel would soon break in pieces against the rocks. I went to the cabin for a moment and earnestly prayed to the only One who had power to save us. All hands were called on deck, a long length of chain was overhauled with the intention of letting go the anchor at the last moment in the forlorn hope of its finding bottom; and then the crew were stationed at the braces ready to trim the yards the moment a breath of air might be perceived. I stood at the stern watching the nearing approach of the dread rocks which now loomed aloft in frightful proximity, searching vainly for a trace of a breeze. The last hope was about to expire, and a few moments more were expected to seal our doom, when I perceived the faintest air imaginable breathing off the land. The yards were immediately braced, and the effect was to turn the vessel's head from the shore. I dropped a fishing-line over the stern and held it to see if it would trail out, but it hung up and down, showing that the vessel had no headway. Soon, however, an additional breath came, then a little puff, and to my exceeding joy I felt the line give a slight pull at my fingers, as it stretched out into the wake. Then the water rippled along past the rudder, and we slowly but surely glided away from the dangerous coast.

Among many recollections of peril and anxiety, that calm hour when in utter helplessness we looked destruction in the face, will remain prominent for its intense emotion, and for the occasion it gave for thanksgiving to the hearer of prayer.

He "who hath gathered the wind in his fists," and "hath measured the waters in the hollow of his hand," is the one who alone has power to succor those imperiled by winds or waves, and of Him it is said, "The Lord is nigh unto all them that call upon Him, to all that call upon Him in truth. He will fulfill the desire of them that fear Him; He also will hear their cry and will save them."—*Montreal Christian Banner*.

Death.

An Alpine hunter, ascending Mont Blanc, in passing over the Mer de Glace, lost his hold, and slipped into one of those frightful crevasses by which the sea of ice is cleft to its foundations. By catching himself in his swift descent against the points of rocks and projecting spurs of ice he broke his fall, so that he reached the bottom alive, but only to face death in a more terrible form. On either hand the icy walls rose up to heaven, above which he saw only a strip of blue sky. At his feet trickled a little stream formed from the slowly melting glacier. There was but one possible chance of escape—to follow this rivulet, which might lead to some unknown crevice or passage. In silence and terror he picked his way down—down the mountain side till his further advance was stopped by a giant cliff that rose up before him while the river rolled darkly below. He heard the roaring of the waters which seemed to wait for him. What

should he do? Death was beside him and behind him, and, he might fear, before him. There was no time for reflection or delay. He paused but an instant, and plunged into the stream. One minute of breathless suspense—a sense of darkness, and coldness, and yet of swift motion, as if he were gliding through the shades below, and then a light began to glimmer faintly on the waters, and the next instant he was amid the green fields and the flowers, and the summer sunshine of the vale of Chamouni. So it is when believers die. They come to the bank of the river, and it is cold and dark. Nature shrinks from the fatal plunge. Yet one chilly moment, and all fear is left behind, and the Christian is amid the fields of the paradise of God.

For the Sailors' Magazine.

Letter from a Newly Converted Sailor.

BY J. B. WATERBURY, D.D.

The sailor usually has a warm heart that never loses its responsive emotions, when appealed to in the name of mother or wife. He will often recur to some love-token, carefully laid up in his locker, that reminds him of past days, spent in the home-circle.

If any striking event in his history occur,—whilst absent from home,—he will long to ask his friends to sympathize in his joys or his sorrows.

But when so marked an event as his conversion to God occurs, he especially longs to impart the knowledge of it to his Christian friends, whose prayers, as he believes, have been effectual in bringing about so great a change.

The letter which follows shows an instance of this kind.

It was from Mr. F., mate of a ship sailing from Boston to a port in South

America. His wife, an eminent Christian, and one child were left behind. They belonged to a company of Swedes, who came to Boston to enjoy the privilege of our free Institutions, and in hope of bettering their circumstances generally.

Soon after they reached this country, they fell under my spiritual care; and after a while they became members of my church. Their intelligence, simplicity and modesty were striking characteristics. They had been Lutherans, and soon found that a mere state religion would not do. They were now convinced of the necessity of a change of heart, and were, as we believe, converted.

Mr. F. was a moral man, and could not see the necessity of any better foundation for his soul. His wife and he had many conversations on this point: he obstinate in his belief and she with tearful eyes, beseeching him to give up this sandy foundation.

Mr. F. parted from his wife in New York. As the farewell was given, this Christian woman sent up her heart's cry to God for his safe return, and especially for his salvation.

FIRST LETTER.

How surprised and delighted was she, on opening his first letter, to see these words:

DEARLY BELOVED A.:—I am so glad to let you know that I have found at last “the pearl of great price,” yea, even my Saviour. I thought a good deal upon your last words—“I love you more than ever before, but I love God above all,”—trying to find out the inner meaning of them, I did find it, and then came to mind the recollection of your prayers for me and for my conversion.

You know that I never did like the ministers at home, (meaning Sweden,) but when I commenced attending Rev. Dr. W.'s church, the smiling face and kind expression of him were so different from what I had been accustomed to see at home, the thought entered my mind,

what a glorious thing it must be to be a Christian, not in name only, as at home, but in newness of heart. Still, when asked by the city missionary, Mr. B., if I ever intended to be a Christian, my answer was, that I thought myself to be one who did right before God and man, and that I hoped to be saved by a merciful God.

It was all self-righteousness. Dear A. how wrong I then was! I feel it now. Yes, now when my first sincere prayer was offered for mercy, and answered, as I believe it was, by a voice seeming to say: "Son, thy sins be forgiven thee."

I had been for some time seriously thinking, what would become of me, if God should call me hence, but had been trying to cast aside such thoughts, not knowing then that the Spirit was calling me; but now I can see it plainly. This day has been, as I hope, the dawning of better days to come. My faith is indeed small, and the tempter suggests certain errors into which the newly converted are liable to fall; but I throw myself upon God's mercy, and hope, through faith in his Son, to be delivered from these temptations. O dear A., I cannot express the feelings that are thrilling through my happy soul, now since I have found that my sins, great as they are, are all forgiven.

I should like to know how you felt when you found your Saviour. We have been man and wife, but of late have traveled two different ways. I hope, we shall now go, hand in hand, the narrow way that leadeth to peace.

POSTSCRIPT, OR SECOND LETTER.

DEAR A.:—We arrived safe at Montevideo to-day. I feel happy and contented. I begin to look around me to see if I can do any good for the honor of that Saviour who has so wonderfully shown his goodness to me.

Our captain is a good moral man, but not a professor of religion.

The second officer, Mr. D., is just like myself before I was awakened to a sense

of my guilt. He seems to be very serious when hearing me speak of our lost condition as sinners, that we cannot be saved unless we "come to Jesus." *Apropos*, that little book that Miss R. gave me some time ago, "Come to Jesus," is one I should like to see translated into Swedish. You would never get tired of reading it.

Our crew are more or less serious about the one thing needful. You have a privilege, dear A., which I cannot at present enjoy, I mean the prayer-meetings. My sincere love to Mr. A. and wife. Tell them I shall be so glad to ask their forgiveness for all I have said in the way of ridicule.

My dear A., Oh! what joy will it be to meet one another and to be able to exchange our thoughts about the welfare of our souls, instead of our bodies alone, that hitherto have been our only care.

Believe me, your affectionate husband,

J. E. F.

The Singing Pilgrim in the Sandwich Islands.

LETTER FROM CHAPLAIN DAMON.

HONOLULU, Feb. 19, 1875.

"Several months ago, Philip Phillips, wrote me that he had made an arrangement to sing in Australia, but as the steamer conveying him to that distant port of the world would touch at Honolulu, for a day, he would be pleased to give a concert. His name was familiar to many in our foreign community although but few had heard him sing. He left the arrangements at my disposal intimating that one-half of the avails of the concert would be devoted to some local benevolent object. As our Sailors' Home was needing some repairs and a new coat of paint, besides being a popular institution among our foreign residents, I decided to announce that the *Singing Pilgrim*, would sing on the arrival of the Australian steamer, for *once only*, and a

part of the proceeds would be devoted to the benefit of the Honolulu Sailors' Home. The announcement was favorably received. Fort Street church was secured for the concert. Tickets were sold at \$1.00 each for adults, and children half price. The evening came and the arrangements were satisfactory. A fine audience assembled and were charmed with his singing:

"Father Take My Hand."
 "I Will Take thy Hand, my Child."
 "The Model Church."
 "Sweeping Through the Gates."

Perhaps no song was better received than,

"Your Mission," commencing:

"If you cannot on the ocean
 Sail among the swiftest fleet;
 Rocking on the highest billows,
 Laughing at the storms you meet;
 You can stand among the sailors
 Anchored yet within the bay;
 You can lend a hand to help them,
 As they launch their boat away."

This song, was once sung in Washington, by Mr. Phillips, and President Lincoln sent forward the request to hear it repeated. It was on the Anniversary of the "United States Christian Commission."

Among the auditors at the late gathering in Honolulu, I was glad to see Rear Admiral Almy, of the U. S. S. *Pensacola*, and Capt. Skerritt of the U. S. S. *Portsmouth*, and also, our U. S. Minister Resident, H. A. Pierce, Esq., lately returned with his Majesty the King Kalakaua, from the United States.

When we came to gather up the proceeds, and "divide the spoils," it was gratifying to pay all our expenses and have about \$200 left, thus rewarding Mr. Phillips with one hundred and leaving another for our Sailors' Home. Immediately after the closing of the concert, Mr. Phillips packed up his organ and went on board the steamer, which was to start at 10 o'clock, P. M., and now the Singing Pilgrim is rapidly coursing his way over the mild waters of the broad

Pacific, to the shores of New Holland. Long he will doubtless remember, the day spent on our sunny shores in mid February, the air perfumed with roses, and the fields and gardens dressed in foliage and shrubery as deeply green, as even the American people see in July."

Incidents.

BY REV. E. W. MATTHEWS, OF ANTWERP.

"I WENT ON BOARD TO PRAY."

After preaching a pointed and somewhat soul-stirring sermon and showing the inevitable result of the human will clashing with the Divine will, as illustrated in the person of Pharaoh, to a not very full house, on Sunday evening, I went home to my wife and said, "we seem to preach with earnestness, but it is hard work, nothing is done." On Monday evening, however, an engineer came to the Reading Room, and said with some emotion and evident sincerity: "I went on board to pray, and when you said, 'you are either like Pharaoh, against God, or like Moses for God,' I said I am Pharaoh; I have prayed and thought about it, all day." Without doubt that Red Sea Drama will never leave his awakened mind while he is a voyager on life's sea. I was led to say with one, "Surely the Lord is in this place, and I knew it not," and to pray for the completion of the good work.

HOIST THE ENSIGN AT HALF MAST.

Very early on a Monday morning, a good captain who had been at the Bethel, on the Sunday previous, sent a messenger to bring me at once to the ship, to speak to the steward, as he had taken laudanum from the medicine chest, while in a state of delirium, resulting from the effects of a few days drinking. Physicians for the body and soul were both present, but could do no good, as consciousness did not return, and at ten o'clock he died. As the first officer said, "hoist the ensign half mast," I said to those around me, "the wages of sin is death." The poor fellow was a respectable and trustworthy servant, and leaves a wife and many children to mourn over this unhappy event. On Wednesday we buried the remains, captain, officers and men present. After the interment the captain said, "I could not help shedding tears, as of late so many of our sailors

have suffered and died through sin." I could not help preaching on the following Sunday, from the text which was uppermost in my mind, "the wages of sin is death."

God Working for Seamen.

A sailor on the brig *Nellie Wave*, writing from Cardenas, Cuba, says:

"I write to tell you that we are all happy on the brig. Our meeting has been going on since the night you were on board (in Brooklyn) and organized it, and the Lord has been blessing us wonderfully. At sea we had meetings every night, and a Bible-class on Tuesday and Friday. We are now praying for the port of Cardenas, that the Lord Jesus would bless the people. When the news spread that we had meetings on board, a captain and his wife and many sailors came to them.

Christmas evening we had a glorious time. Jesus was here. Several sailors stood up to ask our prayers. January 1st we held another meeting, the Lord still blessing us. January 2d we held a meeting on board a bark. The cabin was crowded. Last night a mate attended, and the Spirit of God touched his soul. He rose and said: 'My heart's desire is to be a Christian.'

Our ship has become quite a Bethel. If we had a blue flag we would fly it. Pray for us, as we pray for you."

Buffalo, N. Y.

By the last report of Chaplain Cook, we learn that there have been about one hundred boats and vessels laid up in this port, during the past winter, with families or single persons, on board. Large numbers of these people have been faithfully visited, conversed with, cared for, and such provisions made for their spiritual necessities, as occasion required. Many of them have been in attendance

upon the Sabbath evening services at Wells St. chapel. Rev. Mr. Cook visits the general Hospital regularly, once a week, holding service in two or three of the wards, at each visit, and there are always some sailors among the patients.

Retirement of Pastor Hedstrom.

Many will hear with regret that Pastor Hedstrom, the well-known originator of the North River mission to the Swedes, has retired from active service. The *Methodist* says: "He is now past seventy years of age, and may reasonably ask a release. The Bethel Ship, though snugly moored to one of the docks of New York these long years, has been felt as a beneficent power all over Northern Europe. Scandinavians converted in the good old vessel have carried the flame of revival with them to their homes. In this work Pastor Hedstrom has been, for forty years, a conspicuous leader. Full of energy, sympathy and courage, he has been the adviser of thousands of his countrymen."

Sailor's Home, 190 Cherry Street.

MR. ALEXANDER reports two hundred and one arrivals during the month of March. These deposited with him \$2,500, of which the sum of \$1,174 was sent to relatives, and \$200 were placed in savings banks, the balance being returned to depositors.

In the same time, forty-two men went to sea from the HOME without advance, and three were sent to the hospital.

The chapel at the HOME has been greatly improved by re-seating, and a new floor in the dining-room has added to the general comfort of the family and the boarders. The religious interest previously reported continues there, several cases of conversion having recently occurred.

Position of the Planets for May. 1875.

MERCURY is a morning star until the morning of the 9th, at 2h. 1m., when it is in superior conjunction with the sun, and then during the remainder of the month is an evening star; is in conjunction with the moon on the morning of the 5th, at 3h. 52m., being 2° 52' south.

VENUS is a morning star rising on the 1st, nearly due east, at 3h. 40m.; is in conjunction with the moon on the evening of the 2d, at 7h. 42m., being 38' south. At this time it is eclipsed to all persons situated on the earth between the parallels of latitude 85° north and 13° south.

MARS crosses the meridian on the morning of the 1st, at 3h. 34m., being then 24° 22' south of the equator; is stationary among the stars in sagittarius on the forenoon of the 18th, at 10 o'clock; is in conjunction with the moon on the morning of the 23d, at 3h. 4m., being north 2° 53'.

JUPITER crosses the meridian on the evening of the 1st, at 10h. 56m., being then 8° 15' south of the equator; is in conjunction with the moon on the morning of the 17th, at 5h. 22m., being 2° 16' north.

SATURN is considered a morning star until the evening of the 16th, at 9h. 35m., when it is in quadrature with the sun. It rises on the morning of the 1st, at 2h. 5m., and south of east 18° 53'; is in conjunction with the moon on the morning of the 27th, at 4h. 32m., being 3° north.

R. H. B.

N. Y. University.

Total Disasters in March.

The number of vessels belonging to or bound to or from ports in the United States reported totally lost and missing during the past month is 31, of which 16 were wrecked, 4 abandoned, 1 sunk by collision, 7 foundered, and 3 are missing. The list includes 1 steamer, 5 barks, 5 brigs, and 20 schooners, and their total value, exclusive of cargoes, is estimated at \$346,000.

Below is the list, giving names, ports, destinations, &c. Those indicated by a *w* were wrecked, *a* abandoned, *s* c sunk by collision, *f* foundered, and *m* missing.

STEAMER.

Mary, *w*. from Providence for Philadelphia.

BARKS.

Frances, *m*. from Newcastle, N. S. W., for Hong Kong.

Giovanni, *w*. from Palermo for Boston.

Evelyn, *f*. from Baltimore for Queenstown.

Castor, *w*. from Cienfuegos for Pascagoula.

J. R. Hea, *a*. from Baltimore for Queenstown.

BRIGS.

Rietta, *w*. from Baltimore for Queenstown.

Nereus, *a*. from New York for St. John, N. B.

R. S. Hassell, *w*. from Cienfuegos for Belfast.

Nellie Hastings, *a*. from Liverpool for Singapore.

M. Weslendorf Ivandorf, *a*. from Pensacola for Emden.

SCHOONERS.

Jason, *w*. from Fernandina for Philadelphia.

Little Fanny, *w*. (Fisherman).

Sarah H. Cressy, *m*. (Fisherman).

E. C. Key, *w*. from Galveston for Lake Charles.

Sea Lion, *w*. from Cienfuegos for Portland.

Prima Donna, *w*. from Ruatan for New Orleans.

Alert, *w*. (Fisherman).

Arrow, *f*. (Fisherman).

Ellen C. Young, *w*. (Fisherman).

Zephyr, *s. c.* (Fisherman).

Amelia, *w*. from Matanzas for New York.

Fenian, *f*. (Fisherman).

Eva G., *f*. (Fisherman).

Ella L. Trefethen, *f*. from Port Antonio, Ja., for New Orleans.

Home, *w*. (On Ocracoke Bar, N. C.)

Howard, *w*. from Barbadoes for Port Spain.

W. C. Endicott, *m*. (Fisherman).

Little John, *f*. from Smith's Island for Baltimore.

Beckmyre, *w*. from Gonaiaves for Boston.

Democrat, *f*. (Near Indianola, Texas).

Receipts for March, 1875.

MAINE.

Bethel, 2nd Cong. church.....	\$ 3 00
Farmington, " "	25 65
Freeport, " "	15 50
Goshen, " "	28 00
Kennebunk, " "	54 50
Estate Miss Lucy Sewall, per Edward E. Brown, Ad.....	500 00
Kennebunkport, Cong. ch.....	6 65
Lincoln, Rev. I. H. Crosby.....	20 00
Mrs. J. E. Moody.....	2 00
Rev. Mr. Pierson.....	2 00
Friends.....	3 00
North Gloucester, Dea. Chandler.....	15 00
A Friend.....	5 00
South Freeport, Cong. ch.....	33 01
Standish, Cong. ch.....	6 89
Wells, 2nd Cong. ch.....	12 00
1st Cong. church.....	11 29
B. Maxwell.....	10 00
Woolwich, Cong. church.....	7 00
Yarmouth, " "	21 70
York, " "	10 00

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Hampton, E. B. Downing's S. S. class library.....	10 00
Hanover, Cong. church.....	9 00
Winchester, Cong. church.....	3 37

VERMONT.

Benson, Cong. church.....	6 00
Westminster, S. S. Cong. ch., East Parish, lib'y.....	20 00

MASSACHUSETTS.

Chelsea, 1st Cong. church.....	23 49	East Palmyra, Pres. church.....	7 81
Chicopee, " "	8 56	Haverstraw, S. S., Pres. ch., lib'y.....	25 00
2nd Cong. church.....	33 49	Herkimer, Ref. church.....	7 12
3rd " "	25 25	Homer, Mrs. M. L. Schermerhorn, lib'y.....	20 00
Essex, D. D. Anderson.....	5 00	Hornellsville, S. S., Bapt. ch., lib'y.....	20 00
Florence, Florence church.....	100 00	Pres. church, in part.....	12 14
Franklin, Cong. church.....	15 90	Islip, M. E. church.....	9 75
Gardner, 1st Cong. church.....	51 00	Macedon, Bap. church.....	5 57
Granby, Mrs. John Church's S. S. class, lib'y.....	20 00	Universalist church.....	1 23
Great Barrington, Cong. church.....	25 01	Mohawk, M. E. church.....	7 85
Hatfield, Cong. church.....	53 41	Ref. church.....	6 00
Hinsdale, S. S. Cong. ch., lib'y.....	20 00	New York City, Capt. S. C. Mather, schr. <i>Isabel</i>	1 00
Lawrence, James H. Eaton.....	1 00	Capt. Roff, schr. <i>Geo. Washington</i>	5 00
Longmeadow, Cong. church.....	10 00	Levenslars, ship <i>Gen. Berry</i>	2 00
Ladies Benevolent Society.....	23 12	Capt. D. C. Nichol, bark <i>Com. Du-</i> <i>pont</i>	2 00
Lunenberg, Cong. church.....	10 00	Rev. B. N. Martin, D. D., lib'y.....	20 00
Medfield, Rev. Mr. Eaton.....	5 00	Edmund Penfold.....	25 00
Monson, Cong. church.....	30 00	Cash.....	25 00
North Brookfield, 1st Cong. ch., to const. Mrs. L. G. Duncan, L. M.. A friend's offering, to const. J. Ed- ward Baner, Geo. Henry Flint, Edward T. Rice, L. M's.....	30 00	J. A. C. Gray.....	25 00
Rockland, Cong. church.....	100 00	Joseph Howland.....	25 00
Scotland, James M. Leonard.....	33 05	" R. & A.".....	25 00
Shrewsbury, Cong. church.....	10 00	" M. & L.".....	100 00
Springfield, 1st Cong. church.....	15 04	C. A. Davison.....	50 00
	40 83	E. J. Wright and friends, lib'y.....	20 00

CONNECTICUT.

Bloomfield, T. G. Jerome, \$30 to const. H. Raymond of North Adams, I. M.....	30 00	William Hall Penfold.....	25 00
Cheshire, Cong. church.....	19 40	William Libbey, Jr., Lib'y.....	20 00
Clinton, Cong. ch., of which \$30 to const. Rev. Jason H. Bliss, L. M., and Dea. William Hull, \$5.....	36 54	George F. Betts.....	15 00
M. E. church.....	5 00	Edward Austen.....	15 00
East Windsor, 1st Cong. ch., bal. to const. Geo. S. Phelps, L. M.....	20 00	C. D. Van Wagener.....	15 00
Franklin, Cong. ch., for lib'y.....	20 15	S. Wilde's Sons.....	10 00
Greenwich, a friend, to const. Edgar T. Mead, L. M.....	30 00	T. A. Brouwer.....	10 00
Kensington, family contributions, per Miss F. A. Robbins.....	10 00	Gramercy Park House.....	10 00
Lyme, Cong. ch., individuals.....	8 15	H. W. Loud & Co.....	10 00
New Britain, south Cong. ch., S. S., for New Orleans.....	30 00	Naylor & Co.....	10 00
North Coventry, Rev. W. J. Jennings.....	5 00	Bigelow Carpet Co.....	10 00
Norwalk, William E. Marvin, for the W. E. Marvin Memorial Lib's.....	10 00	Thomas Scott.....	10 00
Old Lyme, Cong. church.....	13 80	N. Fisher.....	10 00
Rockville, 1st Cong. church.....	13 73	Cash.....	5 00
1st Cong. ch., S. S., lib'y.....	20 00	Miller & Grant.....	5 00
Somerville, Cong. church.....	12 43	John Saxton.....	5 00
Stamford, 1st Cong. church.....	24 00	I. N. Phelps.....	5 00
Suffield, 1st Cong. ch., S. S.....	20 00	Charles Butler.....	5 00
Thomaston, Cong. church.....	29 51	C. D. Harvie.....	5 00
Wallingford, Cong. church.....	25 50	Palmyra, Pres. church.....	8 58
Watertown, Cong. ch., of wh. John De Forest, and Eli Curtis, ea. \$20, lib'y.....	67 20	Bap. church.....	6 86
West Hartford, S. S., Cong. ch., bal. to const. Miss M. Ida Robbins, and Jos. E. Brace, L. M's.....	43 00	M. E. church.....	5 57
S. S., Cong. ch., lib's.....	40 00	Riverhead, M. E. church.....	11 50
Westport, Saugatuck Cong. ch.....	16 90	Sayville, Capt. C. F. Terry, schr. <i>R.</i> <i>Mason</i> , lib'y.....	20 00
Woodbury, North Cong. ch.....	11 00	Skaneateles, Bap. church.....	12 00

NEW YORK.

Bay Shore, M. E. church.....	15 25	Jersey City, 2nd Ref. ch., of wh. Mrs. A. A. Lutkins, \$20, lib'y.....	75 00
Booneville, Pres. church.....	12 42	Morristown, Pres. ch. South St., of wh. W. L. King, \$50, Mrs. T. F. Randolph's S. S. \$20 lib'y.....	246 71
Bap. church.....	4 47	Newark, Mr. Runyon.....	2 00
Mr. Head.....	2 49	2nd Pres. ch., add'l.....	14 93
Brockport, S. S., Bapt. ch., lib'y.....	20 00	Trenton, 3rd Pres. church.....	52 94
Brooklyn, Cong. ch., Clinton Ave., Pres. ch., Lafayette Ave., of wh. A. H. Porter, \$25, N. Stephens, \$20 lib'y.....	300 62		
Cook St., M. E. church.....	208 15		
Buffalo, Mrs. S. G. Austen.....	3 25		
	100 00		

\$3,953 85

NEW JERSEY.

		Borked River, S. S. Pres. ch.....	2 00
		Jersey City, 2nd Ref. ch., of wh. Mrs. A. A. Lutkins, \$20, lib'y.....	75 00
		Morristown, Pres. ch. South St., of wh. W. L. King, \$50, Mrs. T. F. Randolph's S. S. \$20 lib'y.....	246 71
		Newark, Mr. Runyon.....	2 00
		2nd Pres. ch., add'l.....	14 93
		Trenton, 3rd Pres. church.....	52 94

MARYLAND.

Baltimore, James Warden.....	5 00
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DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

Washington, Mrs. Jane O. Mahon...	20 00
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ILLINOIS.

Evanston, Rev. Thomas D. Wise....	1 00
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Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days.—Ecc. 11:1.

LIBRARY REPORTS.

WHOLE NUMBER OF LIBRARIES SENT TO SEA, TO MAY, 1ST, 1874, 4,385; RESHIPMENTS OF SAME, 2,878; NO. OF VOLS., 208,850; ACCESSIBLE TO 202,209 SEAMEN.

During March, 1875, sixty-two libraries, (thirty-one new and thirty-one refitted), were sent to sea from our Rooms at New York and Boston. The new libraries were Nos. 5,531-5,561, at New York, as below:

No. Library.	By whom furnished.	Where placed.	Bound for.	Men in Crew.
5526.. John De Forest, Watertown, Conn....		Ship Lydia.....	Revel, Russia.....	18
5531.. Mrs. M. C. Vermilye, New York City...		Ship Ocean King.....	San Francisco.....	33
5532.. S. S. Cong. ch., West Hartford, Conn...		Bark Yamoyden.....	Rio de Janeiro.....	12
5533.. S. S., Bethel Mission, Newburgh, N. Y...		Bark Jasper.....	Africa.....	10
5534.. Mrs. A. A. Lutkins, Jersey City, N. J...		Bark Gemsbok.....	Zanzibar.....	13
5535.. E. J. Wright and friends, N. Y. City...		Bark Benefactor.....	Yokohama.....	16
5536.. Mrs. L. A. Schermerhorn, Homer, N.Y...		Ship Ocean King.....	San Francisco.....	33
5537.. W. Libbey, Jr., New York City.....		Schr. Relief.....	Mobile, Ala.....	25
5538.. S. S., Bethel Mission, Newburgh, N. Y...		Bark Granville Belle.....	Europe.....	16
5539.. S. S., 1st Cong. ch., Winsted, Conn....		Bark Harriet S. Jackson.....	Havana.....	11
5540.. S. S., Cong. ch., Colchester, Conn....		Brig Ernestine.....	Matanzas.....	9
5541.. S. S., 1st Pres. ch., Haverstraw, N. Y...		Ship Gen. McClellan.....	San Francisco.....	34
5542.. S. S., Cong. ch., Orient, L. I.,		Schr. Pochassett.....	Coastwise.....	8
5543.. S. S., 1st Cong. ch., Rockville, Conn....		Bark Isaac W. Oliver.....	Antwerp.....	14
5544.. S. S., 2nd Ref. ch., Coxsackie, N. Y....		Bark Commerce.....	Anjier.....	12
5545.. Capt. Charles F. Terry, Sayville, L. I...		Schr. R. Mason.....	Virginia.....	5
5546.. James H. Miniszek, Brooklyn, N. Y...		Bark Thomas Fletcher.....	Valparaiso, S. A.....	12
5547.. Cong. ch., Black Rock, Conn.....		Schr. Mattie W. Atwood.....	New Orleans.....	10
5548.. Augustus Taber, Perry, N. Y.....		Schr. Sarah Potter.....	Kingston & Serana	9
5549.. Bap. ch., Madison, N. Y.....		Bark St. Lucie.....	Callao, S. A.....	13
5550.. S. S., Bap. ch., West Winfield, N. Y...		Ship Ladoga.....	San Francisco.....	19
5551.. William E. Marvin, Norwalk, Conn....		Ship Whittier	San Francisco.....	23
5552.. " " " "		Brig Kremlin.....	{ Charleston and Rio de Janeiro..	10
5553.. Mrs. J. F. Randolph's S. S. class, South St. Pres. ch., Morristown, N. Y.....		Bark New Republic.....	Yokohama.....	16
5554.. Pres. ch., Johnstown, N. Y.....		Bark Syrian Star.....	Havre.....	13
5555.. S. S., Cong ch., E. Parish, Westmin- ster, Vt.....		Schr. Annie Burr.....	{ Buenos Ayres & Liverpool.....	13
5556.. Cong. ch., Franklin, Conn.....		Ship Continental.....	San Francisco.....	28
5557.. Helen F. Simpson Lib'y, Hudson, N.Y.		Ship John Harvey.....	Ilo, Peru.....	16
5558.. Mrs. David W. Mahon, Washington, D. C.....		Ship Lillian.....	Callao, S. A.....	24
5559.. S. S., Bap. ch., Brockport, N. Y.....		Bark Estella.....	Montevideo, S. A.....	12
5560.. Eli Curtiss, Watertown, Conn.....		Bark Martha P. Tucker.....	Liverpool.....	12
5561.. S. S., Cong. ch., Hinsdale, Mass.....		Bark Com. Dupont.....	Matanzas.....	12

* Reported as at Savannah for shipment, in

The thirty-one libraries re-fitted and re-shipped were :

No. 1,538, books read with interest, gone to Nassau, on schr. *Harvest Home*; No. 2,004, on schr. *J. E. Sandford*, for Havana; No. 2,484, on schr. *Hester*, for coastwise; No. 2,517, read with profit, gone to Cuba, on brig *Medina*; No. 2,993, on brig *Neva*, for Bahia; No. 3,085, on brig *Artic*, for West Indies; No. 3,115, on schr. *J. Mosher*, for Bahamas; No. 3,890, highly appreciated and useful, gone to Corpus Christi, on schr. *Westside*; No. 3,927, on brig *Zerlina*, for Cadiz; No. 3,941, on bark *Robert Porter*, for Hamburg; No. 4,100, on schr. *Georgiana*, for Sagua; No. 4,151, on schr. *Post Boy*, for Brunswick; No. 4,272, on brig *M. R. Russell*, for Cuba; No. 4,293, much read, gone to Corpus Christi, on schr. *E. Borda*; No. 4,336, on schr. *J. & L. Bryan*, for Charleston; No. 4,518, read with interest, gone to Jamaica, on schr. *H. N. Gove*; No. 4,606, on schr. *Ben*, for Wilmington; No. 4,751, on brig *Afton*, for Bahia; No. 4,915, on brig *Kaluna*, for Europe; No. 4,930, on schr. *Isabel*, for Porto Cabello; No. 4,949 on schr. *S. L. Burns*, for Boston; No. 4,985, on bark *Louis*, for Europe; No. 5,336, books read with good results, gone to Charleston, on schr. *Laura*.

No. 2,166, returned, having been at sea four years in the British brig *Henrietta*, 9 men, has been to Europe, South America and Africa, the books were much worn, ten volumes were missing, it has been very useful; No. 3,037, returned in good condition,—“has done excellent service, having been read and re-read by officers and men,—it has paid for itself in the good that it has already done;” No. 3,703, has been on schr. *Gertrude Plummer*, four years, twice to Demarara, four times to West Indies, the books much read and worn, and ten missing,—prayer-meetings were held on the Sabbath; No. 3,792, sent to sea again on brig *Henrietta*, Capt. Decent, 9 men, bound for Europe; No. 4,001, returned

from bark *Addie M. Ames*, books badly damaged by water and wear,—\$2.50 sent to repair them, by Capt. Curtis.

No. 4,046, returned in good condition and gone to the Grand Banks in schr. *Eddie*, 16 men, care of Capt. Cole.—“It gives me great pleasure to inform you of the usefulness of the library furnished so kindly for our vessel. I could notice, I am sure, the good influence of the books in the improved conduct of the young men who read them and who were always eager to read more of them till they left the ship. * * We can but hope that the small seed sown may have fallen in good ground and will bring forth good fruit. Several young men who were Catholics read the books to their edification. Passengers also availed themselves of the books and seemed to appreciate the benevolence of the donors. The library, I trust, has done much good, and in behalf of myself and shipmates I beg you to convey many thanks to the donor.

W.M. ROBERTS,
Purser Steamship *Lord Clive*.

No. 4,342, returned from Calcutta and gone to Grand Banks on schr. *Sarah B. Pitman*, 15 men; No. 4,910, returned, the books all much read, refitted and gone to sea on schr. *C. M. Faboris*, 8 men, for South Carolina.

Letters and Incidents in Library Work.

CONVICTION AND CONVERSION AT SEA.

Library No. 4,614. “Many thanks for the library, which I will endeavor to labor with, in prayer to God, for his blessing. I have been blessed wonderfully these last few days. I am reading the “Pilgrim’s Progress,” and I find a great resemblance to a sinner who is disturbed in his conscience by the voice of God, or the thunders and lightnings of Sinai, and resolved to flee from the wrath to come. I am brought to see my condemned condition. I trust I am converted, and am not building on a false foundation.”

J. J.

A GRATEFUL CAPTAIN.

ORIENTAL COTTAGE,

PORTHLEVEN, CORNWALL, 13th Feb., 1875.
To the American Seamen's Friend Society:

GENTLEMEN:—I write to convey to you the thanks of myself and crew for the loan of a library* which you put on board the brig *John Kendall*, at New York, last August. The libraries placed on shipboard by your Society are the means of doing much good. How many tedious hours do they relieve! What lessons of morality do they teach to our seamen! What religious principles do they inculcate! Eternity alone will tell the good done by these wise selections of good books. You are doing a great work, sowing the seed, and God will bless it.

We went from New York to Santander, Spain, for which place you gave me a package of religious books, Bibles, Testaments, Tracts, &c. You will be glad to hear that the books were well received in every case but two, and in scores of instances the people eagerly inquired after them, and as eagerly devoured their contents. They have found their way into many Spanish homes, and there is no doubt but that these books will be read by thousands of Roman Catholics, in different parts of the country.

I hereby send you the sum of eleven dollars (\$11) contributed by myself, and crew, towards the support of the libraries, and of the Society.

Yours respectfully,
 JOSEPH JAMES,
 Master of brig *John Kendall*.

No. 1,114, contributed by S. S., Ref. church,
 Passaic, N. J.

MANY CREWS READ ONE LIBRARY.

CAPE HENRY, April 3rd, 1875.
To the American Seamen's Friend Society.

I am pleased to say that library No. 3,946* goes again on another voyage in this vessel, the bark *Ophelia M. Hume*. It has been in constant use for nearly four years. The books have been well read

and are in good order. The changes in crews saves the changing of the library.

Hoping you may succeed in your good work, I remain,

Yours truly,

JA'S. M. HUME.

* Contributed by Clara D. Goodman, East Orange, N. J.

JOHNNY LYNE MEMORIAL LIBRARY.

NEW YORK, Feb., 1875.

To the American Seamen's Friend Society:

In again thanking you for the interest your have ever shown in the welfare of those who "go down to the sea in ships," permit me to say that Library No. 4,998* has been perused with much pleasure and satisfaction by me, and I trust that my crew have been benefited.

I have endeavored to impress upon their minds a knowledge of the fact that there were men and women whose chief aim in the world was to do good to the sailor.

Yours truly,

C. G. BUNKER,
Master American Bark Gemsbok.

* Contributed by S. S. Cong. Church, Clinton, Ct., as JOHNNY LYNE MEMORIAL LIBRARY.

Our Library Department.

HISTORICAL SKETCH NO. 4.

Startled at the consequences of Sin.

On the 4th of July, 1859, there came to the Sailors' Home, in Boston, a seaman of more than ordinary capacity and most affectionate disposition, but so completely under the influence of intoxicating liquor, and so degraded by his habits, that, though once master of a ship, he had gone down to the condition of a common sailor before the mast. For four years he had not seen or heard from his wife or children, who were living about fifty miles from Boston. He was dirty, and on the borders of delirium-tremens, and wanted to borrow a dollar to enable him to go to see his family. The Superintendent

of the Home did not think it wise to lend him the money, lest he should spend it for rum. He then started to walk to his home. On reaching the place, he found his wife had been dead two years, and his two children were in the alms house. Smitten with a sense of his guilt at the terrible consequences of his conduct, he came back and took the temperance pledge, went to the prayer meeting, and became an earnest Christian. He soon got a mate's berth, and went to sea, full of joy and peace. He went on shore in Barbadoes, and entering a house, offered a religious book to the proprietor, who, on receiving it, told him he should like to give *him* a book which he had secured from a pious sailor, and which had been the means of the conversion of himself and wife. He then put into his hands the book entitled "*Journey to Heaven*," on the fly leaf of which was the name of the lady who had presented it to the seaman at the Sailors' Home. After doing a work of grace on his heart, it had accomplished a still greater one in the household. When he went to sea again he took with him one of the libraries of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY (No. 108). The following letter will show with what faithfulness he labored in the cause of the Master;

"The library you put into my hands, has been the means of doing a great good, by the grace of God, to the sailors; for I can say that, after they began to read the books, I never heard a bad word out of any man's mouth. One of them came to me, with tears in his eyes, and said: "God bless the people that put on board that library for the use of poor sailors. Tell them, if you ever see them, that there is one lost soul brought to Christ by reading the library" * * * That God will, in infinite mercy, bless us and bring us all to His heavenly home when He has done with us here, is the prayer of your brother in Christ."

J. M. H."

I Went to Pray.

"A few days out from New York a great ship was overtaken by a terrible storm, which lasted nearly a week.

One day, at the height of the tempest,

the rigging at the mainmast head got tangled, and some one had to go up and straighten it. The mate called a boy belonging to the ship and ordered him aloft.

The lad touched his cap but hesitated a moment; cast one frightened glance up and down at the swaying mast and furious sea, and then rushed across the deck and down into the forecastle. In about two minutes he appeared, and without a word seized the ratlins—the rope-ladders of the vessel—and flew up the rigging like a squirrel. With dizzy eyes the weather-beaten crew watched the poor boy at the fearful height. "He will never come down alive," they said to each other.

But in twenty minutes the perilous job was done, and the boy safely descended; and straightening himself up, with a smile on his face walked to the stern of the ship.

"What did you go below for, when ordered aloft?" asked a passenger of the brave boy.

"I WENT—TO PRAY," replied the boy, with a blush and a quiver of the lip.

Prayer is the secret of true Christian courage. Gideon talked with God before going out to battle. Joshua was encouraged at the feet of "The Prince of God's Host." David fought Goliath with prayer as well as a sling, and afterward when Saul was seeking to kill him "encouraged himself in God." The three boys who were carried from Jerusalem to Babylon were made brave, by prayer, to refuse the king's wine, and afterward when they were men, prayer made them dare to go into the furnace rather than to bow down to an idol.

If we earnestly pray for help, we shall

"Dare to do right,
Dare to be true."

American Seamen's Friend Society.

R. P. BUCK, President.
S. H. HALL, Cor. Sec. & Treas.
L. P. HUBBARD, Financial Agent.
80 Wall Street, New York.

District Secretaries:
Rev. S. W. HANKS, Cong'l House, Boston.
Rev. H. BEEBE, New Haven, Conn.

LIFE MEMBERS AND DIRECTORS.

A payment of Five Dollars makes an Annual Member, and Thirty Dollars at one time constitutes a Life Member; One Hundred Dollars, or a sum which in addition to a previous payment makes One Hundred Dollars, a life Director.

FORM OF A BEQUEST.

"I give and bequeath to THE AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, incorporated by the Legislature of New York, in the year 1833, the sum of \$—, to be applied to the charitable uses and purposes of the said Society."

Three witnesses should state that the testator declared this to be his last will and testament, and that they signed it at *Friend*, and in his presence and the presence of each other.

SHIPS' LIBRARIES.

Loan Libraries for ships are furnished at the offices, 80 Wall Street, N. Y., and 13 Congregational House, Boston, at the shortest notice. Bibles and Testaments in various languages may be had either at the office, or at the Depository of the New York Bible Society, 7 Beekman Street.

SAVINGS BANKS FOR SEAMEN.

All respectable Savings' Banks are open to deposits from Seamen, which will be kept safely and secure regular instalments of interest. Seamen's Savings' Banks as such are established in New York, 74-6 Wall Street and 189 Cherry Street, and Boston, Tremont Street, open daily between 10 and 3 o'clock.

SAILORS' HOMES.

LOCATION.	ESTABLISHED BY	KEEPERS.
NEW YORK, 190 Cherry Street.....	Amer. Sea. Friend Society.	Fred'k Alexander.
BOSTON, cor. Salem and Bennet Sts.	Boston " " "	B. F. Jacobs.
PHILADELPHIA, 422 South Front St.	Penn. " " "	Capt. J. T. Robinson.
WILMINGTON, cor. Front & Dock Sts.	Wilm. Sea. Friend Society.	Capt. W. J. Penton.
CHARLESTON, S. C.	Charleston Port Society...	Capt. Peter Smith.
MOBILE, Ala.	Ladies' Sea. Fr'nd Society.	Geo. Ernst Findeisen.
SAN FRANCISCO, Cal.	" " " "	
HONOLULU, S. I.	Honolulu " "	E. Dunscombe.

INDEPENDENT SOCIETIES AND PRIVATE SAILOR BOARDING HOUSES

NEW YORK, 338 Pearl Street.....	Epis. Miss. Soc. for Seamen	Edward Rode.
4 Catharine Lane, (colored).....	do	G. F. Thompson.
BOSTON, N. Square, Mariners House..	Boston Seamen's Aid Soc'y.	N. Hamilton.
NEW BEDFORD, 14 Bethel Court....	Ladies' Br. N. B. P. S.	Mr. & Mrs. H. G. O. Nye.
BALTIMORE, 65 Thames Street.....	Seamen's Union Bethel Soc.	Edward Kirby.

MARINERS' CHURCHES.

LOCATION.	SUSTAINED BY	MINISTERS
NEW YORK, Catharine, cor. Madison. cor. Water and Dover Streets....	New York Port Society.... Mission " " ...	Rev. E. D. Murphy. " B. F. Millard.
Foot of Pike Street, E. R.	Episcopal Miss. Society....	" Robt. J. Walker, " H. F. Roberts.
Foot of Hubert Street, N. R.	" " " "	" Isaac Maguire.
Open air Service, Coenties Slip....	" " " "	" O. G. Hedstrom.
Swedish & English, pier 11, N. R.	Methodist	" J. L. Hodge, D. D.
Oliver, cor. Henry Street.....	Baptist.....	" E. Hopper, D. D.
Cor. Henry and Market Streets....	Sea & Land, Presbyterian.....	" E. O. Bates. " O. Helland.
BROOKLYN, 8 President Street.....	Am. Sea. Friend Society... {	" P. G. Cook. " John Miles.
BUFFALO	Methodist	" S. H. Hayes.
ALBANY, Montgomery Street.....	Boston Sea. Friend Society	" Geo. S. Noyes.
BOSTON, cor. Salem & N. Bennet Sts. North Square.....	Boston Port Society.....	" H. A. Cooke, " J. P. Robinson.
Cor. Commercial and Lewis Sts. Richmond Street.....	Baptist Bethel Society.....	" F. Southworth.
PORTLAND, Me., Forest n. Custom H	Episcopal.....	" J. W. Thomas.
PROVIDENCE, R. I., 52 Wickenden St	Portland Sea. Frn'd Soc'y.	" C. H. Malcom, D.D.
NEWPORT, R. I., 51 Long Wharf....	Prov. Sea. Friend Society..	" J. D. Butler.
NEW BEDFORD.....	Individual Effort.....	" Vincent Group.
PHILADELPHIA, c. Front & Union Sts. Cor. Shippen and Penn Streets...	New Bedford Port Society.	" William Major.
Catharine Street.....	Presbyterian.....	" W. B. Erben.
Front Street, above Navy Yard....	Methodist	" Joseph Perry.
BALTIMORE, cor. Alice & Anna Sts. Cor. Light and Lee Streets.....	Episcopal.....	" Francis McCartney
NORFOLK	Baptist.....	" R. R. Murphy.
WILMINGTON, N. C.	Seamen's Un. Bethel Soc.	" E. N. Orane.
CHARLESTON, Church, n. Water St.	Baltimore, S. B.	" Jas. L. Kiene, Jr.
SAVANNAH	American & Norfolk Sea. {	" Wm. B. Yates.
MOBILE, Church Street, near Water.	Friend Societies	" Richard Webb.
NEW ORLEANS.....	Wilmington Port Society... " " " "	" L. H. Pease.

AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY,

80 Wall Street, New York.

ORGANIZED, MAY, 1828—INCORPORATED, APRIL, 1833.

RICHARD P. BUCK, Esq., President.

Rev. S. H. HALL, D. D., Cor. Sec'y & Treas.

CAPT. NATH'L BRIGGS, Vice President.

L. P. HUBBARD, Financial Agent.

and down
OBJECTS. 1.—To improve the social, moral and religious condition of seamen; to protect them from imposition and fraud; to prevent them from becoming a curse to each other and the world; to rescue them from sin and its consequences, and to **SAVE THEIR SOULS**. 2.—To sanctify commerce, an interest and a power in the earth, second only to religion itself, and make it everywhere serve as the handmaid of Christianity.

MEANS OF ACCOMPLISHMENT. 1.—The preaching of the Gospel by Missionaries and Chaplains, and the maintenance of Bethel Churches in the principal ports of this and foreign countries. In addition to its Chaplaincies in the United States, the Society has stations in CHINA, JAPAN, the SANDWICH ISLANDS, CHILI, BRAZIL, FRANCE, ITALY, BELGIUM, DENMARK, NORWAY, SWEDEN, NEW BRUNSWICK, &c., and will establish others as its funds shall allow. Besides preaching the Gospel to seamen on ship-board and on shore, and to those who do business upon our inland waters, Chaplains visit the sick and dying, and as far as possible supply the place of parents and friends.

2.—The monthly publication of the SAILORS' MAGAZINE and SEAMEN'S FRIEND, designed to collect and communicate information, and to enlist the sympathy and co-operation of Christians of every name, in securing the objects of the Society. The last of these publications, the SEAMEN'S FRIEND, is gratuitously furnished to Chaplains and Missionaries for distribution among seamen and others. The Society also publishes the LIFE BOAT for the use of Sabbath-schools.

3.—LOAN LIBRARIES, composed of carefully selected, instructive, and entertaining books, put up in cases containing between forty and fifty volumes each, for the use of ships' officers and crews, and placed as a general thing, in the care of converted sailors, who thus become for the time, effective missionaries among their shipmates. This plan of sea-missions contemplates much more than the placing of a Christian Library on ship-board, in that, (1) It places the library in the hands of an individual who takes it for the purpose of doing good with it, and who becomes morally responsible for the use made of it, (2) It places the library in the forecastle—the sailors' own apartment. (3) It contemplates a connection between the missionary and the individual who furnishes the instrument with which he works. The donor of each library is informed, if he requests it, when and where it goes, and to whom it is entrusted; and whatever of interest is heard from it, is communicated. The whole number of libraries sent out by the Society, is 5,377 containing 220,000 volumes. Calculating frequent re-shipments, they have been accessible to probably 250,000 men. Over eight hundred hopeful conversions at sea have been reported as traceable to this instrumentality. A large proportion of these libraries have been provided by special contributions from Sabbath-schools, and are frequently heard from as doing good service. This work may be and should be greatly extended. More than 20,000 American vessels remain to be supplied.

4.—The establishment of SAILORS' HOMES, READING ROOMS, SAVINGS' BANKS, the distribution of BIBLES, TRACTS, &c.

The SAILORS' HOME, 190 Cherry St., New York, is the property and under the direction of the Society. It was opened in 1842, since which time it has accommodated over 86,000 boarders. This one institution has saved to seamen and their relatives, \$1,500,000. The moral and religious influence on the seamen sheltered there, can not be estimated. More or less shipwrecked seamen are constantly provided for at the Home. A Missionary of the Society is in daily attendance, and religious meetings are held on week day evenings. Similar institutions exist, in other cities, under the care of auxiliary Societies.

NOTE.—Twenty dollars contributed by any individual or Sabbath-school, will send a Library to sea, in the name of the donor. The SAILORS' MAGAZINE is, when asked for, sent gratuitously to Pastors, who take a yearly collection for the cause, and to Life-Members and Directors, upon an annual request for the same.